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BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH A SHORT BIOGRAPHY BY
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AND

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
J. THORNTON, M.A.

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1910

SIR WALTER SCOTT

WALTER SCOTT, the great novelist and poet, was born in the narrow black street called College Wynd, in the old town of Edinburgh, on 15th August, 1771. On the ground where that street stood had been a house in which the husband of Mary Queen of Scots was murdered, more than two hundred years before the poet's birth. His father was a lawyer, of an ancient and noble family, descended from the Scotts of Harden, who were famous fighters and robbers on the Border, when Scotland and England were separate and unfriendly nations. The baby Walter was born also on a borderland of time and change. People were leaving the ancient and filthy lanes of the old town of Edinburgh for new streets in new quarters, and Scott's parents moved to the broad and airy George's Square, almost in the country. In other ways everything was changing. The Highland clans who fought in 1745 for Prince Charles and the exiled Royal Family of Scotland against the German Kings of England, the Georges, had become peaceful. As Scott grew up he knew many of the men who had been victorious in 1745, and were beaten at Culloden in 1746, and it was his joy to collect their old stories of battle and of adventure. Till he was eighteen months old he was a very strong child, but then a lameness fell on his right foot which never could be cured. He became a very strong man, could lift enormous weights, and was a bold or even rash rider, but he was always lame, and could not be a soldier in the great wars against Napoleon, which was what he wanted to be.

Scott's first memory of anything was of being at his grandfather's house, Sandy Knowe, beside the tall old tower of Smailholme, on a cliff above a little lake, near the Tweed. From this cliff you see over all the country which Scott made so famous : the three purple peaks of Eildon Hill, haunted by the Fairy Queen ; the ruined abbey of Dryburgh, where he is buried ; Melrose and its abbey ; the plain where English and Scots had fought so many battles ; in the south the blue Cheviot Hills, with England on the farther side ; in the north the hills of Yarrow and Ettrick, where his ancestors had lived, fought and hidden the cattle they robbed out of England.

Here Scott, still a child of about three years old, heard from his grandfather the stories of the old fighting days, which he later put into his novels and poems ; and he learned the ballads about battles, ghosts, and fairies which the country people had made for themselves to sing in winter evenings. He had already learned to read, beginning with some ballads that had been printed. His nurse one day left him alone in the hills, a great thunderstorm came on, and the child was found lying alone on his back, clapping his hands at the flashes of lightning, and crying, "Bonny ! bonny !"

Before he was four Scott was taken to Bath for his health, and he thought that he first learned to read there, which is perhaps more likely. He returned to Edinburgh when he was six ; a clever lady met him and said : "He has the most extraordinary genius for a boy I ever saw." He said that he was a "virtuoso." "What is a virtuoso ?" said his aunt. "Don't you know, it is one who wishes to know, and will know everything." "Why don't you go out and play with these boys, Walter ?" said somebody who found him reading. "You can't think how ignorant these boys are," said Walter, who already knew more than any of the grown-up people *about the things he wanted to know about*. But these things were stories and poetry, fights and fairies, giants, ladies, knights and dwarfs, not his school lessons. He got a pony

and rode over the hills, seeing the place where the Fairy Queen carried the wizard into Fairyland, and the field where his ancestors turned again on their enemies, the Kers, after a defeat, and all the other scenes which he made famous.

But when he was sent to the High School at Edinburgh he was better at fights with the boys than at grammar, which, whether in Latin or English, he never, all his life, knew much about. He got to the top of his class when a question was asked that nobody else knew, and he fell from place to place when questions were asked that everybody knew except himself. When he got into a fight, he and the other boy fought *sitting*, because of his lameness, on benches opposite each other. He always fell asleep during sermons in church, but, when the boys were asked about the sermon, he answered best, for he remembered the text, and invented, out of his own head, what the preacher was bound to say. He was the story-teller of the school, making up, already, novels that never were written.

There was no cricket in Scotland at that time, and he was too lame for football, but he and a friend took long walks with books in their pockets, which they read among the hills. They learned Italian for the sake of the poetry and stories, and German for the same reason, but Scott utterly refused to learn Greek, for which he was sorry afterwards. Mr. Stevenson, the author of *Treasure Island*, was exactly like Scott in these things, both were clever, idle boys, who never worked except at what they were not expected to learn. Indeed, Scott's father, an honest man, said that he "would never be better than a gangrel scrapegut," which means "a wandering fiddler." When Scott was fifteen he entered his father's office as an apprentice. His business was to copy law papers, and as he wrote very fast, and worked very hard, he made a little money which he spent on books and on old things, swords and Highland dirks (or daggers) and engravings. Though he was so idle he could read Latin,

French, German, Italian, and Spanish, which he picked up in studying novels, and histories, and poems in these languages. His handwriting was very small and close. If you look at the written copy of one of his novels, made to be printed from, you see that one of the pages makes five pages of the printed book; and you also see that he never stopped to make any corrections or improvements, he just wrote straight on. Shakespeare was said by the actors to work in the same way: it is not certain about Shakespeare, but it is true about Scott. When he was fifteen he met the poet Burns at a party. Burns asked who wrote a piece of poetry printed on the margin of an engraving. None of the learned people who were there knew, but of course Scott did, and whispered it to a friend who told Burns. They never met again. The extraordinary thing is that the name of the author of the poetry is printed under the lines, for I have the engraving.

Scott now studied Law at the College of Edinburgh, which is partly built on the ground where stood the house in which he was born. "You may take him for a poor lamiter" (lame man), said a naval officer who knew him, "but he is the first to begin a row, and the last to end it." He was then a big untidy lad, in corduroy trousers, and was called "Colonel Grogg."

But now Scott fell in love at first sight with a young lady to whom he lent his umbrella on a wet day. Her father was a much richer man than his father, and in a different class of life, though not born of more famous ancestors. Being in love, Scott became tidy and polite, dressed well, went to parties, wrote poetry, and made many friends, including dukes and duchesses. For some reason he was not fortunate enough to marry this lady. "She was more like an angel than a woman," says a person who knew her well. For years Scott was very unhappy, though he did not say anything about it. He always dreamed of this lady before any misfortune came to him. In his poems and novels you see places in which he has been

thinking of her : she is the heroine of one poem, *Rokeby*, and one novel, *Redgauntlet*. When he was old and weak, he sat at the foot of the tall ancient tower of St. Rules, at St. Andrews, and thought of how he had cut her name in *Runic* letters on the turf there, when he was young. ("Runic" is the kind of alphabet used by the old Danes, who gave the English so much trouble in early times.)

This love affair was the great sorrow of Scott's life, but he bore it like a man ; he worked at his studies (at last !), and became an "advocate," as the Scots call a barrister. He made long journeys into the country on the border of Scotland and England, collecting the ballads which the people made for themselves four hundred years ago ; and he went into the Highlands, where the men who fought for Prince Charlie lived, and everywhere he made friends, and gathered old stories. His first book was one of translations from German poems about ghosts, his next a translation of a German play. In 1797 he met a pretty, merry girl of French birth, Miss Charpentier, and married her. He said : "There is no *romance* in her composition ;" she did not care much about the old stories of which he was so fond. But she was "jolly," and they now lived very happily in Edinburgh, and, in summer, at a cottage in the country. In 1802 Scott published the old songs he had picked up, with some of his own, and with essays on the old times. The book is called *The Border Minstrelsy*, and became famous. Of Scott's own pieces, "The Eve of St. John" is the best ; the scene where the ghost burns the lady's hand is Smailholme Tower, beside the house where he lived when he was three years old, and laughed at the lightning.

Scott now began the first, and the best, of his longer poems, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. It was written in a new, lively and irregular metre, invented by the poet Coleridge, in *Christabel*.

Coleridge never finished that poem, and did not publish the part he had written till twelve years later. But Scott heard

a friend repeat part of it, and he never forgot what he had heard. Once he was fishing in the Tweed at night with James Hogg, a shepherd and a poet. They had to wait for some of their fishing things, and Scott said : "Jamie, repeat that poem of yours that you once read to me." The shepherd could not remember it, so Scott recited the whole long ballad, which he had only heard once.

In the same way the metre of part of *Christabel* remained in his mind, and in that, with changes, he wrote *The Lay*. It is all about the witches and warriors of old times, and the famous wizard, Michael Scot, who split by magic the hill of Eildon into its three peaks. The heroes were real people of Scott's own family, in the time of Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary, but they are mixed up with a mischievous fairy boy, The Goblin Page, and with Michael Scot's book of magic, buried in his grave in Melrose Abbey.

For a great many years poetry had been what you may call very dull stuff, very prim and moral, and this poem was a new thing, most exciting to read, and very beautiful. Scott at once was famous, and in money he got £669 9s. Unluckily about this time Scott became, secretly, a partner of two boys with whom he had been at school in the business of printing; later they not only *printed* books for publishers, but *published* them. It was not allowed to advocates to be partners in any business, but the business, as it was concerned with books, amused Scott. He would publish books about things, old things, which interested him, but for which few other people cared. The result of all this was that Scott was constantly losing money, and getting mixed up in trade affairs, and promises to pay. He had plenty to live on, for he held two well-paid legal positions, and soon began to make thousands of pounds by his poems, and, after 1814, by his novels. But partly he lost it in the business of his school friends and partly he spent it in buying an estate on the Tweed, and building Abbotsford, and purchasing expensive

old books, pictures and curious things, and on asking everybody to stay with him. He enjoyed himself very much, and made himself the best-liked man in all Scotland, for he talked to shepherds and labourers and everybody, "as if they had been his own blood relations," and he found work and money for poor people in hard times, and always had money for everybody in distress. But the end of all this was that, twenty years after he wrote the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when Scott thought himself very rich, he found himself ruined. There was nobody to pay a huge debt but Scott, and he died of working to do it, writing, writing, all day long, at histories and novels, till his brain broke. But his debts were paid.

All these miseries happened long after the time when he first became famous, but the beginning of them all was just at that time, when Scott was about thirty, and took a part in the business of printing. From that hour anxiety was with him, and ruin was only waiting for its chance.

It was now that Scott, in 1805, began a novel in prose, *Waverley*, but he put it away in a drawer, and forgot all about it. He was writing poems and essays, and drilling with the volunteer cavalry, for Napoleon was overrunning Europe, and had a camp opposite Folkestone, from which he meant to invade our country. There were neither railways nor electric telegraphs then, but piles of wood were set up along the coasts to be lighted for a warning if the French landed. One day Scott was with his wife at a place near Carlisle, when news came that one of these warning fires, or "beacons," had been lighted, and on every height above the sea the flames were blazing. The country and towns of the south of Scotland sent out their armed men, who rode or marched to Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleugh's house near Edinburgh. They meant to send their wives and children and cattle up into the hills and burn their towns, so that the French might not find food or shelter. My own grandfather, whom Scott knew, was in Edinburgh, away from home, but his mother, who was a widow, sent his horse

and sword to the meeting place, "for," she said to Scott, "I would rather see him dead than a horse's length behind the best." Scott himself mounted as soon as he heard the news, and rode a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, meeting the men of Ettrick Forest. On the road he made a poem; he never was happier than at the chance of a fight. But the beacon had been lighted by accident, and after Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar, Napoleon broke up his camp, and went to win Austerlitz against the Austrians.

I can only mention the books that Scott wrote in the following years, such as the poem of *Marmion*, one of his best, the description of the battle of Flodden, where the English defeated the Scots and killed King James, is the finest battle in British poetry. Scott now lived in summer at Ashiestiel, a beautiful place on the Tweed, where there was no bridge, so that he had the pleasure of riding across the flooded ford at the risk of his life. He was sheriff, or chief magistrate, of Selkirkshire, also known as the Forest of Ettrick, and he rode across the hills, composing *Marmion*, on his way to sit as judge at Selkirk. His next poem was *The Lady of the Lake*, about adventures of King James V. (about 1530) in the Highlands. This, like *Marmion*, was a splendid success, and all the world flocked into the Highlands, which previously had been little known to English people. Now Scott bought his estate, which was to be so ruinous to him. He gave fancy prices for poor lands, because they were the scenes of old battles or fairy tales, and he began to build his house, Abbotsford, which is not large, but was terribly expensive. He entertained people who crowded to see him, and spent his money before he got it. His poem of *Rokeby* was about the wars against Charles I. in England, and was not so much liked as his Scottish poems. Besides Lord Byron now wrote *Childe Harold*, and all the world went wild about the new poet.

But Scott had another string to his bow. When hunting in a drawer for fly-hooks to fish with, he found the beginning

part of a novel in prose, *Waverley*, which he had thrown aside in 1805 and 1810 and forgotten. It was now 1814, the month was June. Some very young men were dining together in Edinburgh, one of them was Lockhart, who later married Scott's daughter, Sophia, and wrote his Life. From their table they saw into a room in a neighbouring house; what they saw was the hand of a man writing, writing, finishing page after page, and throwing it aside. Candles were brought, and still the hand wrote on and on. One of the young men knew that it was the hand of Walter Scott. He wrote the two last volumes of *Waverley* in three weeks, sent them to the printer and went on a cruise round the coasts of Scotland. He did not publish his name as the author of *Waverley*, and when he returned from his tour in the North he found that an unknown person, the author of *Waverley*, was famous. For some reason he never did admit that he was the author of this and his other novels, till, eleven years later, when the truth was certain to be discovered, in the examining into the affairs of his printing company. People guessed from the very first that he must have written *Waverley*, and about twenty persons knew for certain, but they all kept the secret. The secret amused Scott, for all sorts of absurd guesses were made in his hearing, and though there was perfect proof in a passage of *Rob Roy* that he was the author, nobody noticed it till a few years ago.

At that time not many novels were written, and no good novels, except those of Scott's friend, Miss Edgeworth, about the characters and ways of the Irish. Scott thought he could make as much of the ways and characters of his own people of Scotland; and he also could tell of the old times that he knew so well. Thus almost all of his novels are "historical," and speak of times long past, times of Prince Charlie (1745-60), of Queen Mary (1568), of Charles II. (1670-80), of Queen Elizabeth (1558-1603), of Richard I. (about 1195), of James I. (1604-24), of Louis XI. of France (about 1475), and so on. The author knew the Scots of every rank in life thoroughly

well, and to him the famous people of history were like living friends, and he made them come to life again in his books. Many writers everywhere, in France, Germany, and England, have imitated Scott in writing novels about historical events and persons, but none has ever done it so well, except Alexandre Dumas, in French, the author of *The Three Musketeers*. Nobody at all has come near Scott in drawing Scottish characters, whether barons and ladies, or gardeners and ploughmen. There are hundreds of men and women of his invention, from Claverhouse the cavalier to the Glasgow magistrate, or the lawyer Macwheeble, or James I., or the old Covenanter, Davie Deans, or the thief Ratchiffe, whom we know as well as if we met them every day.

In this power of making fancied personages real, Scott comes nearest to Shakespeare. It is true that his hero and heroine are not usually very interesting. They fall in love, go through dangers, and marry happily. But they are only points about which the story moves ; scores of other characters surround them, and are much more alive than they are. Thus in *Waverley* Scott had the lowest opinion of his hero, Edward Waverley, a brave, handsome, undecided young man, not very clever, who takes the side of Prince Charles for love of one lady, and marries another, an innocent, pretty, harmless little lass, who has fallen in love with him. It is the other people, Fergus MacIvor and his Highlanders ; the brave, loyal, old-fashioned Baron Bradwardine ; the tipsy laird, Balmawhapple ; the silly, noisy Gilfillan ; Prince Charles himself, gallant, beautiful, and doomed to misfortune, who make the story interesting. The only heroines whom we care much about are Diana Vernon in *Rob Roy*, so much of a boy, and so beautiful and loyal a woman ; Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, and Catherine Seton in *The Abbot*. Scott's old women are much more excellent than his girls ; and he writes just as little as he can about love-making. The exception is Jeanie Deans, a country girl, rather good than pretty, and she is his masterpiece.

His best novels are about Scotland, and of these the best are *Waverley*, *Old Mortality* (about the Covenanters and Claverhouse), *The Heart of Midlothian*, *The Antiquary* (a story of his own times) and *Guy Mannering*. Next come *The Fortunes of Nigel* (a Scot in London at the Court of James I.), and *Quentin Durward* (a Scot in France at the Court of Louis XI). Most boys like *Ivanhoe* best, a novel about Richard Cœur de Lion, Robin Hood and Friar Tuck; and *The Talisman*, the story of a Scottish knight in the Crusades, is also very popular. But where are we to stop? We cannot be happy without the fighting blacksmith and the cowardly Highland chief in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and Queen Elizabeth and Amy Robsart in *Kenilworth*, and Charles II. as a lad, and Oliver Cromwell in *Woodstock*, and Minna and Brenda in *The Pirate*; nor can we overlook little tales like "The Highland Widow" and "Wandering Willy's Tale" in *Redgauntlet* (which is certainly one of the best in the whole family), and *The Tapestry Chamber*, a terrible little ghost story; and then there is *The Bride of Lammermoor*, the most tragical of them all. In these *Waverley* novels and Shakespeare's plays you could be happy, as far as reading goes, on a desert island.

The drawbacks of the novels are that there is occasionally a dull beginning, about history; that the grammar is not always what you can recommend to a friend, and that characters, especially meant to be comic, are apt to grow tedious. If I might advise a boy or girl, I would say: "Skip what you find dull, or cannot understand, and read what you find interesting." Later, other passages will interest you, and the older you grow the more you will find to admire, and the more you will fall in love with Walter Scott.

It is not to be thought that all the history is correct. Scott took great liberties in spinning his stories, but the point is that the people themselves are all real, behaving and talking just as they did behave and talk. As you read history, you will find out what things in the novels did not happen, or could

not happen, but the life of the men and women you learn from Scott.

He only wrote one long poem after the success of *Waverley*, that was *The Lord of the Isles*, about the adventures of Robert Bruce. People liked the novels better, and he wrote, on an average, two a year. He was created a baronet, Sir Walter Scott, and was the best liked and most honoured man in the country. Then came the bankruptcy in 1825-26, and five years of eternal hard work at novels, essays, a history of Napoleon, anything to pay his debts and clear his honour. His brain gave way, he had apoplexy, but he worked on, and, even when he went abroad for his health, in 1832, he must still write—a novel called *The Knights of Malta*. But the busy hand and brain were tired out; the handwriting is different, but the pages are still filled in the old way. The book will never be published. In Italy and at Rome, the scenes of old Roman history did not interest him, he went and stood by the graves of our exiled Princes, James, Charles, and Henry, the descendants of the old Royal Family of Scotland.

Then he grew worse, and was hurried home. He was glad to see his dogs, and the hills, and the dear water of the Tweed, and the faces of his friends. He said to Lockhart, his son-in-law: "My dear, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here. . . . God bless you all." These were his latest recorded words, though it is said that he asked to be lifted up to see the Tweed once more. He died on 21st September, 1832, and was buried, with the sorrow of the whole country, in the beautiful ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, where Lockhart now lies at his feet, and the murmur of the Tweed is never still.

There he had always wished to sleep.

Sir Walter Scott wrote many volumes of which nothing has been said here, for example, the delightful *Tales of a Grandfather* about the history of Scotland, a great number of

essays, and notes on other authors, such as Swift and Dryden. He never wrote a word that on his death-bed he would have wished to blot out. He gave more happiness to more readers than kings or statesmen can bestow on the world. Dogs and horses were all fond of him, and a hen and a pig used to run after him for friendship ! He was the most generous of men ; in his misfortunes, having no money to give to a needy person, he actually wrote, without signing his name, some sermons which brought money for the sufferer. He was so far from vain that he thought his children should not read his poetry, though he owned that it was only intended for "young people of spirit." Among his very best verses are the little songs and ballads which were sung by the characters in his novels, such as "Proud Maisie," "The Battle of Harlaw" and "Bonny Dundee." He never wrote anything about the mysterious problems of human life and destiny ; it was not that he did not think about them, but his conclusion was, "My dear, be a good man."

INTRODUCTION

THE events related in Scott's "Quentin Durward" belong to the year 1468, and most of them are supposed to have taken place near Tours in central France, at Péronne, or at Liege (see map, p. xxiv). At this time that form of government and society known as the Feudal System still prevailed in a modified form in western Europe, and to understand the story some knowledge of this system is necessary.

Under the Feudal System the ruler of a country was regarded as the owner of the land. He, however, granted to his chief men portions of territory called a *fief* or *feud*, on condition that they should render him military service in case of need (from the word *feud* the term *feudalism* is derived). These companions of a ruler, often princes or nobles of some kind, might then grant portions of their fiefs to other persons on similar conditions of service. The person granting a fief, whether king, noble, or bishop, was called a *suzerain*, *liege*, or *lord*; the one receiving a fief was termed the *vassal*, *liegeman*, or *retainer* of the suzerain. Thus a noble was the vassal of his suzerain lord, the king or other ruler, while the noble himself was the suzerain or lord to vassals under him. The relation between a suzerain and his vassals was such that, while the vassals rendered military service when required, the lord was bound to afford protection to his vassals. On receiving a fief a vassal performed *homage* by solemnly promising to become the man (Fr. *homme*) of his lord; he also took the oath of *fealty* by swearing allegiance to his lord. A lord had the right of disposing of a vassal in

marriage to one of proper rank, and if the vassal was a lady, the lady was the ward of her liege lord and obliged to accept as husband the choice of her lord; otherwise she would forfeit her estates.

At the time of this story the names and boundaries of the countries of Europe differed largely from those now existing. England was under the rule of Edward IV., and the civil strife known as the Wars of the Roses was not ended. Scotland was still an independent kingdom, and the Scottish people were still enemies rather than allies of the English. Nearly all the countries of central Europe, including the states of Germany and Austria, formed an empire known as the Holy Roman Empire, as its head was regarded as the successor of the Roman Emperors. Its nominal ruler at this time was an Austrian prince, the Emperor Frederick III. France had shaken off the English hold on the country except at Calais, and, though the country was still far from being united and settled, the French King, Louis XI. (1461-1483), exercised great power over many of the vassal nobles of his crown. But one great feudal lord, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, a relation of King Louis, exercised almost independent rule over large territories. These territories not only included a duchy and county of Burgundy in the east of France adjoining Switzerland, but the provinces of Flanders, Hainault, Artois, and Brabant in the north-east, in the part of Europe now forming Belgium and Holland (see map, p. xxiv). Some of the territories of Charles, Duke of Burgundy, were fiefs of the French Crown and some fiefs of the Empire. The town of Liege and its neighbourhood was a separate fief of the empire, and was under the rule of the Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, another relative of King Louis. This prince bishop was not acceptable to his vassals, the burghers of Liege, but the bishop was supported in his position by the Duke of Burgundy. Indeed, in the year before our story begins, the citizens of Liege had rebelled

against the bishop's rule, but they had been defeated and severely punished with the aid of Charles.

Scott's picture of the character of King Louis is very nearly true to history, for the French king was an able but crafty, deceitful, and superstitious monarch. He considered himself justified in using any kind of intrigue or bribery, in deceiving either friend or foe to gain his ends, the unity and power of his country and the strengthening of the kingly rule. His great rival, Charles of Burgundy, was in many respects a contrast to Louis; for Charles believed in gaining his ends by fighting, and his fiery rashness and confidence gained for him the title "*Le Téméraire*," properly "The Rash," but usually translated "The Bold."

CHIEF CHARACTERS OF QUENTIN DURWARD

I. FRENCH, OR ATTACHED TO THE FRENCH COURT

Louis XI., King of France (1461-1483): he first appears in the story under the guise of a merchant, *Maitre Pierre*.

Princess Joan, second daughter of Louis XI.

Louis, Duke of Orleans, a cousin of Louis XI., who is expected to marry Joan.

Count Dunois, Grand Huntsman of the French Court.

Oliver Dain, the King's barber, a man of low birth, who acted as secret adviser to Louis XI.

Galeotti Martius or *Martivalle*, an Italian astrologer, who is represented as having great influence with King Louis. As a matter of fact, he did not come into the service of Louis until 1477, and so he could not have taken part in the events of 1468. But it suited the novelist's purpose to bring him into the story.

Cardinal Balue, Bishop of Evreux, one of the King's ministers.

Tristan l'Hermite, the Provost Marshal of the King. His duty was to apprehend and punish criminals, and the King made use of him to rid himself secretly of enemies. His two executioners were called *Trois-Eschelles* and *Petit-André*.

Lord Crawford, Commander of the Scottish Guard at the Court of King Louis.

Ludovic Lesly, called *Le Balafré*, a member of the Scottish Guard, and uncle to *Quentin Durward*.

Quentin Durward, a young Scot.

Cunningham, a Scotch archer.

The Scottish Guard was held in high esteem by *King Louis*, and the members of the Guard were accorded special privileges.

Hayraddin Maugrabin, a Bohemian, or gipsy, in the secret service of *King Louis*.

Zamet Maugrabin, brother of *Hayraddin*.

Marthon, a Bohemian woman, maid to the Ladies of *Croye* on their journey.

II. BURGUNDIAN, OR ATTACHED TO BURGUNDY

Charles the Bold, *Duke of Burgundy* (1466-1477), a member of the French Royal Family, and the almost independent ruler of large fiefs of France and the Empire.

Philip de Crèveœur, or *Count Crèveœur*, one of the advisers of the Duke of Burgundy, and Ambassador from the Duke of Burgundy to *King Louis*.

Philip de Comines, courtier and historian at the Burgundian Court. From his *Mémoires* Scott derived most of the historical material for *Quentin Durward*.

Toison d'Or, the Burgundian Herald. *Toison d'Or* is French for "Fleece of Gold," the herald being called by the name of the order of knights to which he belonged.

Isabelle, *Countess of Croye*, first appears as *Jacqueline* while staying at an inn near the castle of *King Louis* at *Plessis-lès-Tours*. She had fled from the Burgundian dominions in the north-east to escape an odious marriage and to seek the protection of *King Louis*.

Hameline, also a *Countess of Croye*, and aunt to *Isabelle*, first appears as *Madame Perette*.

Louis of Bourbon, Bishop of *Liege*, a relative of *King Louis* and of *Charles the Bold*. The town and surrounding district was at the time a fief of the Empire, and the Bishop was the suzerain lord of the *Liegeois* or citizens of *Liege*.

William de la Marck, known as the Wild Boar of the *Ardennes*. He was a man of high birth, but became a marauder and plunderer.

III. LIEGEOIS, OR CITIZENS OF LIEGE

Pavillon, the Syndic, or Chief Magistrate of Liege.

Gertrude, or *Trudchen*, daughter of Pavillon.

Hans Glover, the lover of Gertrude.

Peter Geislaer, or *Peterkin*, the Lieutenant of Pavillon.

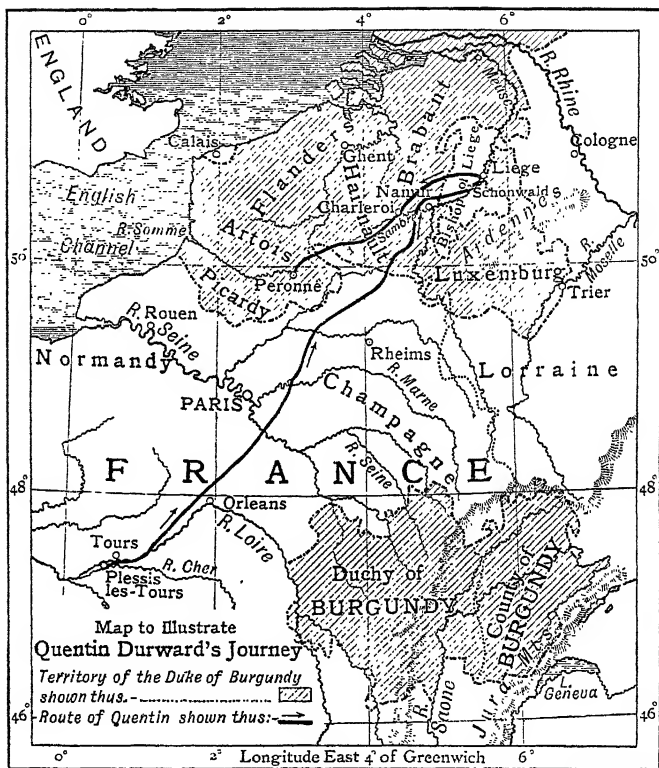
Nikkel Blok, butcher of Liege.

The people mentioned in the story are all historical characters except those named as Scottish Archers, citizens of Liege, and the gipsies; for the names assigned to these were invented by the author. Though the principal character is King Louis, the reader will be most interested in the doings of the young Scottish hero, Quentin Durward.

The chief events of the story are also true historically, and the author gives a faithful picture of the life and manners of the latter half of the fifteenth century at the places mentioned. Scott, however, does not always follow exact chronological order. Thus, the siege of Liege was carried out nearly as described in the story, though the personal events and conversations are due to the imagination of the author. But De la Marck was not killed in the siege as represented in the story, for he was beheaded many years later. Nor was the Bishop of Liege slain at the time mentioned, but at a later date. Such deviations from exact history are allowed to a novelist for the sake of increasing the interest and dramatic effect of his story.

The map represents the territories of the Duke of Burgundy and the chief portion of the French kingdom about the year 1468. It should be carefully examined, and then referred to as the various place names occur in the book.

[*The portions printed in smaller type are short summaries of portions of the author's narrative that have been omitted in this abridged edition.*]



QUENTIN DURWARD

CHAPTER I

It was upon a delicious summer morning, before the sun had assumed its scorching power, and while the dews yet cooled and perfumed the air, that a youth, coming from the north-eastward, approached the ford of a small river, or rather a large brook, tributary to the Cher, near to the 5 royal Castle of Plessis-lès-Tours, whose dark and multiplied battlements rose in the background over the extensive forest with which they were surrounded.

On the bank of the above-mentioned brook, opposite to that which the traveller was approaching, two men, who 10 appeared in deep conversation, seemed, from time to time, to watch his motions; for, as their station was much more elevated, they could remark him at considerable distance.

The age of the young traveller might be about nineteen, or betwixt that and twenty, and his face and person, 15 which were very prepossessing, did not, however, belong to the country in which he was now a sojourner. His short grey cloak and hose were rather of Flemish than of French fashion, while the smart blue bonnet, with a single sprig of holly and an eagle's feather, was already recog- 20 nised as the Scottish head-gear.

The youth had been long visible to the two persons who loitered on the opposite side of the small river which

divided him from the park and the castle; but as he descended the rugged bank to the water's edge, with the light step of a roe which visits the fountain, the younger of the two said to the other, "It is our man—it is the Bohemian! If he attempts to cross the ford, he is a lost
5 man: the water is up, and the ford impassable."

"Let him make that discovery himself, gossip," said the elder personage; "it may, perchance, save a rope, and break a proverb."

10 "I judge him by the blue cap," said the other, "for I cannot see his face. Hark, sir; he hallooes to know whether the water be deep."

"Nothing like experience in this world," answered the other: "let him try."

15 The young man, in the meanwhile, receiving no hint to the contrary, and taking the silence of those to whom he applied as an encouragement to proceed, entered the stream without farther hesitation than the delay necessary to take off his buskins. The elder person, at the same
20 moment, hallooed to him to beware, adding, in a lower tone, to his companion, "*Mortdieu*, gossip, you have made another mistake: this is not the Bohemian chatterer."

But the intimation to the youth came too late.

The young traveller swam so strongly, and buffeted the
25 waves so well, that, notwithstanding the strength of the current, he was carried but a little way down from the ordinary landing-place.

By this time the younger of the two strangers was hurrying down to the shore to render assistance, while the
30 other followed him at a graver pace, saying to himself as he approached, "I knew water would never drown that young fellow."

The bonny Scot had already accosted the younger Samaritan, who was hastening to his assistance, with these

ireful words—"Discourteous dog! why did you not answer when I called to know if the passage was fit to be attempted?"

"Fair son," said the elder person, "you seem, from your accent and complexion, a stranger; and you should 5 recollect your dialect is not so easily comprehended by us as perhaps it may be uttered by you."

"Well, father," answered the youth, "I do not care much about the ducking I have had, and I will readily forgive your being partly the cause, provided you will 10 direct me to some place where I can have my clothes dried; for it is my only suit, and I must keep it somewhat decent."

"For whom do you take us, fair son?" said the elder stranger, in answer to this question. 15

"For substantial burgesses, unquestionably," said the youth; "or, hold—you, master, may be a money-broker or a corn-merchant, and this man a butcher or grazier."

"You have hit our capacities rarely," said the elder, smiling. "My business is indeed to trade in as much 20 money as I can; and my gossip's dealings are somewhat of kin to the butcher's. As to your accommodation, we will try to serve you; but I must first know who you are, and whither you are going; for, in these times, the roads are filled with travellers on foot and horseback who have 25 anything in their head but honesty and the fear of God."

The young stranger answered, after a moment's pause, "I am ignorant whom I may have the honour to address," making a slight reverence at the same time; "but I am indifferent who knows that I am a cadet of Scotland, and 30 that I come to seek my fortune in France, or elsewhere, after the custom of my countrymen."

The merchant laughed as he spoke, and answered, "*Pasques-dieu!* the proverb never fails—*fier comme un*

Écossois; but come, youngster, you are of a country I have a regard for, having traded in Scotland in my time—an honest poor set of folks they are; and, if you will come with us to the village, I will bestow on you a cup of burnt
5 sack and a warm breakfast, to atone for your drenching. But, *tête-bleu*! what do you with a hunting-glove on your hand? Know you not there is no hawking permitted in a royal chase?"

"I was taught that lesson," answered the youth, "by a
10 rascally forester of the Duke of Burgundy. I did but fly the falcon I had brought with me from Scotland, and that I reckoned on for bringing me into some note, at a heron near Péronne, and the rascally *schelm* shot my bird with an arrow."

15 "What did you do?" said the merchant.

"Beat him," said the youngster, brandishing his staff, "as near to death as one Christian man should belabour another. I wanted not to have his blood to answer for."

20 "Know you," said the burgess, "that, had you fallen into the Duke of Burgundy's hands, he would have hung you up like a chestnut?"

"Ay, I am told he is as prompt as the King of France for that sort of work. But, as this happened near Péronne,
25 I made a leap over the frontiers, and laughed at him. If he had not been so hasty, I might perhaps have taken service with him."

"Let me know your name," said the merchant.

"I can answer a civil question civilly," said the youth.
30 "Since I have been here in France and Flanders, men have called me, in their fantasy, the Varlet with the Velvet Pouch, because of this hawk purse which I carry by my side; but my true name, when at home, is Quentin Durward."

"Durward!" said the querist; "is it a gentleman's name?"

"By fifteen descents in our family," said the young man; "and that makes me reluctant to follow any other trade than arms." 5

"A true Scot! Plenty of blood, plenty of pride, and right great scarcity of ducats, I warrant thee. Well, gossip," he said to his companion, "go before us, and tell them to have some breakfast ready yonder at the Mulberry Grove; for this youth will do as much honour to it as 10 a starved mouse to a housewife's cheese. And for the Bohemian—hark in thy ear——"

His comrade answered by a gloomy but intelligent smile, and set forward at a round pace, while the elder man continued, addressing young Durward—"You and I 15 will walk leisurely forward together."

Turning to the right, and proceeding along a path which seemed gradually to ascend, he recommended to his companion by no means to quit the track, but, on the contrary, to keep the middle of it as nearly as he 20 could. Durward could not help asking the cause of this precaution.

"You are now near the court, young man," answered his guide; "and, *Pasques-dieu!* there is some difference betwixt walking in this region and on your own heathy 25 hills. Every yard of this ground, excepting the path which we now occupy, is rendered dangerous, and well-nigh impracticable, by snares and traps, armed with scythe-blades."

CHAPTER II

WHILE Durward and his new acquaintance thus spoke, they came in sight of the whole front of the Castle of Plessis-lès-Tours, which, even in those dangerous times, when the great found themselves obliged to reside within
5 places of fortified strength, was distinguished for the extreme and jealous care with which it was watched and defended.

There were three external walls, battlemented and turreted from space to space, and at each angle, the
10 second inclosure rising higher than the first, and being built so as to command the exterior defence in case it was won by the enemy; and being again, in the same manner, itself commanded by the third and innermost barrier. Around the external wall, as the Frenchman
15 informed his young companion (for, as they stood lower than the foundation of the wall, he could not see it), was sunk a ditch of about twenty feet in depth, supplied with water by a damhead on the river Cher, or rather on one of its tributary branches.

20 This formidable place had but one entrance, at least Durward saw none along the spacious front except where, in the centre of the first and outward boundary, arose two strong towers, the usual defences of a gateway; and he could observe their ordinary accompaniments, portcullis
25 and drawbridge, of which the first was lowered and the last raised. Similar entrance-towers were visible on the second and third bounding wall, but not in the same line with those on the outward circuit.

To enhance his surprise, his companion told him that the environs of the castle, except the single winding path

by which the portal might be safely approached, were, like the thickets through which they had passed, surrounded with every species of hidden pitfall, snare, and gin, to entrap the wretch who should venture thither without a guide; that upon the walls were constructed 5 certain cradles of iron, called "swallows' nests," from which the sentinels who were regularly posted there could, without being exposed to any risk, take deliberate aim at any who should attempt to enter without the proper signal or password of the day; and that the 10 archers of the Royal Guard performed that duty day and night, for which they received high pay, rich clothing, and much honour and profit at the hands of King Louis. "And now tell me, young man," he continued, "did you ever see so strong a fortress, and do you think there are 15 men bold enough to storm it?"

The young man looked long and fixedly on the place. His eye glanced, and his colour mounted to his cheek like that of a daring man who meditates an honourable action, as he replied, "It is a strong castle, and 20 strongly guarded; but there is no impossibility to brave men."

"Are there any in your country who could do such a feat?" said the elder, rather scornfully.

"I will not affirm that," answered the youth; "but 25 there are thousands that, in a good cause, would attempt as bold a deed."

His companion smiled, and turning his back on the castle, which, he observed, they had approached a little too nearly, he led the way again into the wood, by a 30 more broad and beaten path than they had yet trodden. "This," he said, "leads us to the village of Plessis, as it is called, where you, as a stranger, will find reasonable and honest accommodation. About two miles onward

lies the fine city of Tours, which gives name to this rich and beautiful earldom."

"I thank you, kind master, for your information," said the Scot; "but my stay will be so short here that, if I fail not in a morsel of meat and a drink of something better than water, my necessities in Plessis, be it of the park or the pool, will be amply satisfied."

"Nay," answered his companion, "I thought you had some friend to see in this quarter."

"And so I have—my mother's own brother," answered Durward; "and as pretty a man, before he left the braes of Angus, as ever planted brogue on heather."

"What is his name?" said the senior. "We will inquire him out for you; for it is not safe for you to go up to the castle, where you might be taken for a spy."

"Now, by my father's hand!" said the youth, "I taken for a spy! By Heaven, he shall brook cold iron that brands me with such a charge! But for my uncle's name, I care not who knows it—it is Lesly—Lesly, an honest and noble name!"

"And so it is, I doubt not," said the old man; "but there are three of the name in the Scottish Guard."

"My uncle's name is Ludovic Lesly," said the young man.

"Of the three Leslies," answered the merchant, "two are called Ludovic."

"They call my kinsman Ludovic with the Scar," said Quentin. "Our family names are so common in a Scottish house, that, where there is no land in the case, we always give a 'to-name.'"

"A *nom de guerre*, I suppose you to mean," answered his companion; "and the man you speak of, we, I think call *Le Balafre*, from that scar on his face—a proper man and a good soldier. I wish I may be able to help you to an

interview with him, for he belongs to a set of gentlemen whose duty is strict, and who do not often come out of garrison, unless in the immediate attendance on the King's person. And now, young man, answer me one question. I will wager you are desirous to take service with your 5 uncle in the Scottish Guard. It is a great thing, if you propose so; especially as you are very young, and some years' experience is necessary for the high office which you aim at."

"Perhaps I may have thought on some such thing," said 10 Durward, carelessly; "but if I did, the fancy is off."

"How so, young man?" said the Frenchman, something sternly. "Do you speak thus of a charge which the most noble of your countrymen feel themselves emulous to be 15 admitted to?"

"I wish them joy of it," said Quentin, composedly. "To speak plain, I should have liked the service of the French King full well, only, dress me as fine and feed me as high as you will, I love the open air better than being shut up in a cage or a swallow's nest yonder, as you call 20 these same grated pepper-boxes. Besides," he added, in a lower voice, "to speak truth, I love not the castle when the covin-tree bears such acorns as I see yonder."

"I guess what you mean," said the Frenchman; "but speak yet more plainly." 25

"To speak more plainly, then," said the youth, "there grows a fair oak some flight-shot or so from yonder castle; and on that oak hangs a man in a grey jerkin, such as this which I wear."

"Ay and indeed!" said the man of France. "*Pasques-* 30 *dieu!* see what it is to have youthful eyes! Why, I did see something, but only took it for a raven among the branches. But the sight is no way strange, young man. But what then? they are so many banners displayed to

scare knaves; and for each rogue that hangs there, an honest man may reckon that there is a thief, a traitor, a robber on the highway, a *pilleur* and oppressor of the people, the fewer in France. These, young man, are signs
5 of our sovereign's justice."

"Here, I fancy," said the Scot, "we come upon the village; where I hope to show you that neither ducking nor disgust have spoiled mine appetite for my breakfast. Yet, ere I accept your hospitality, let me know by what
10 name to call you."

"Men call me Maître Pierre," answered his companion. "I deal in no titles. A plain man, that can live on mine own good—that is my designation."

"So be it, Maître Pierre," said Quentin, "and I am
15 happy my good chance has thrown us together; for I want a word of seasonable advice, and can be thankful for it."

"*Pasques-dieu!*" said his guide, "how cautious your countrymen of Scotland are! An Englishman, now, throws himself headlong into a tavern, eats and drinks of
20 the best, and never thinks of the reckoning till his belly is full. But you forget, Master Quentin, since Quentin is your name—you forget I owe you a breakfast for the wetting which my mistake procured you. It is the penance of my offence towards you."

"In truth," said the light-hearted young man, "I had
25 forgot wetting, offence, and penance, and all. I have walked my clothes dry, or nearly so; but I will not refuse your offer in kindness, for my dinner yesterday was a light one, and supper I had none. You seem an old and
30 respectable burgess, and I see no reason why I should not accept your courtesy."

The Frenchman smiled aside, for he saw plainly that the youth, while he was probably half-famished, had yet some difficulty to reconcile himself to the thoughts of

feeding at a stranger's cost, and was endeavouring to subdue his inward pride by the reflection that, in such slight obligations, the acceptor performed as complaisant a part as he by whom the courtesy was offered.

In the meanwhile, they descended a narrow lane, over-
shadowed by tall elms, at the bottom of which a gateway
admitted them into the courtyard of an inn of unusual
magnitude, calculated for the accommodation of the nobles
and suitors who had business at the neighbouring castle.

Maitre Pierre, without calling any one, and even
without approaching the principal entrance, lifted the
latch of a side door, and led the way into a large room,
where a fagot was blazing on the hearth, and arrangements
made for a substantial breakfast.

[At the inn Maitre Pierre, the supposed merchant, provided the young Scot with an admirable breakfast. During the meal Quentin met, in the guise of a waiting-maid, a young lady to whom he was greatly attracted. She was addressed as Jacqueline, and was said to be staying at the inn with her aunt, Madame Perette. While conversing over the meal the merchant gave Quentin some information about the King's guard of Scotch Archers. At the end of the breakfast Maitre Pierre provided Durward with some money, and advised him to remain at the inn until he should see his kinsman, who would be free in the afternoon. The innkeeper showed Quentin to a turret chamber, and there he listened to the young lady singing in a distant room to a lute. Presently, however, a messenger announced that a cavalier awaited him below.]

CHAPTER III

THE cavalier who awaited Quentin Durward's descent into the apartment where he had breakfasted was one of those of whom Louis XI. had long since said, that they held in their hands the fortune of France, as to them were
5 entrusted the direct custody and protection of the royal person.

Charles the Sixth had instituted this celebrated body, the Archers, as they were called, of the Scottish Body-Guard, with better reason than can generally be alleged
10 for establishing round the throne a guard of foreign and mercenary troops. The divisions which tore from his side more than half of France, together with the wavering and uncertain faith of the nobility who yet acknowledged his cause, rendered it impolitic and unsafe to commit his
15 personal safety to their keeping. The Scottish nation was the hereditary enemy of the English, and the ancient, and, as it seemed, the natural, allies of France.

Each of the King's Scottish archers ranked as a gentleman in place and honour; and their near approach
20 to the King's person gave them dignity in their own eyes, as well as importance in those of the nation of France. They were sumptuously armed, equipped, and mounted; and each was entitled to allowance for a squire, a valet, a page, and two yeomen.

25 Ludovic Lesly, or, as we shall more frequently call him, Le Balafre, by which name he was generally known in France, was upwards of six feet high, robust, strongly compacted in person, and hard-favoured in countenance, which latter attribute was much increased by a large and ghastly scar.

His dress and arms were splendid. He wore his national bonnet, crested with a tuft of feathers, and with a Virgin Mary of massive silver for a brooch. The archer's gorget, arm-pieces, and gauntlets were of the finest steel, curiously inlaid with silver, and his hauberk, 5 or shirt of mail, was as clear and bright as the frostwork of a winter morning upon fern or briar.

Quentin Durward, though, like the Scottish youth of the period, he had been early taught to look upon arms and war, thought he had never seen a more martial- 10 looking, or more completely equipped and accomplished, man-at-arms than now saluted him in the person of his mother's brother, called Ludovic with the Scar, or Le Balafre; yet he could not but shrink a little from the grim expression of his countenance, while, with its rough 15 mustachios, he brushed first the one and then the other cheek of his kinsman, welcomed his nephew to France, and, in the same breath, asked what news from Scotland.

"Little good tidings, dear uncle," replied young Durward; "but I am glad that you know me so readily." 20

"I would have known thee, boy, in the *landes* of Bordeaux, had I met thee marching there like a crane on a pair of stilts. But come—come, unbuckle your Scottish mail-bag—give us the news of Glen Houlakin. How doth my sister?" 25

"Dead, fair uncle," answered Quentin, sorrowfully.

"Dead!" echoed his uncle with a tone rather marked by wonder than sympathy; "why she was five years younger than I, and I was never better in my life. And your father, fair nephew, hath he married again?" 30

"Alas! dear uncle, my mother was left a widow a year since, when Glen Houlakin was harried by the Ogilvies. My father, and my two uncles, and my two elder brothers, and seven of my kinsmen, and some six more of our

people, were killed in defending the castle; and there is not a burning hearth or a standing stone in all Glen Houllakin."

"Cross of St. Andrew!" said Le Balafré; "that is
5 what I call an onslaught! And now, fair nephew, let us hear what was your own fortune in this unhappy matter."

"I fought it out among those who were older and stouter than I was, till we were all brought down," said
10 Durward, "and I received a cruel wound. A learned monk of Aberbrothick, who chanced to be our guest at the fatal time, and narrowly escaped being killed in the fray, was permitted to bind my wounds, and finally to remove me to a place of safety, but it was only on promise, given
15 both by my mother and him, that I should become a monk. I have little more to tell," continued Durward, "except that, considering my poor mother to be in some degree a pledge for me, I was induced to take upon me the dress of a novice, and conformed to the cloister rules,
20 and even learned to read and write. After several months' languishing, my good kind mother died, and as my health was now fully restored, I communicated to my benefactor, who was also sub-prior of the convent, my reluctance to take the vows; and it was agreed
25 between us, since my vocation lay not to the cloister, that I should be sent out into the world to seek my fortune, and that, to save the sub-prior from the anger of the Ogilvies, my departure should have the appearance of flight; and to colour it, I brought off the abbot's hawk
30 with me. But I was regularly dismissed, as will appear from the hand and seal of the abbot himself."

"That is right—that is well," said his uncle. "And, I warrant thee, thou hadst no great treasure to bear thy charges?"

"Only a few pieces of silver," said the youth; "for to you, fair uncle, I must make a free confession."

"Alas!" replied Le Balafre, "that is hard. But you may ask, fair kinsman, how you are to come by such toys as this? (he shook his chain with complacent triumph). 5 They hang not on every bush; they grow not in the fields like the daffodils, with whose stalks children make knights' collars. What then? you may get such where I got this, in the service of the good King of France, where there is always wealth to be found, if a man 10 has but the heart to seek it, at the risk of a little life or so."

"I understand," said Quentin, evading a decision to which he felt himself as yet scarcely competent, "that the Duke of Burgundy keeps a more noble state than the 15 King of France, and that there is more honour to be won under his banners."

"You speak like a foolish boy, fair nephew," answered he with the scar; "and yet, I bethink me, when I came hither I was nearly as simple." 20

"But you meet not my exception, fair uncle," answered young Durward; "I would serve, since serve I must in a foreign land, somewhere where a brave deed, were it my hap to do one, might work me a name."

"Now, by St. Martin of Tours, the boy has some 25 spirit—a right touch of the Lesly in him—much like myself, though always with a little more folly in it! Hark ye, youth—long live the King of France!—scarce a day but there is some commission in hand, by which some of his followers may win both coin and credit." 30

"I cannot doubt your warranty, fair uncle," said the youth; "you are the only adviser my mishap has left me."

"But hark to the bell of St. Martin's!" said Le

Balafré. "I must hasten back to the castle. Farewell; make much of yourself, and at eight to-morrow morning present yourself before the drawbridge, and ask the sentinel for me. Take heed you step not off the straight
5 and beaten path in approaching the portal! There are such traps and snap-haunches as may cost you a limb, which you will sorely miss. You shall see the King, and learn to judge him for yourself. Farewell."

[After the departure of his uncle, Quentin left the inn for a walk. He soon came in sight of a man hanging from a tree in the last agonies of death. Quentin at once cut him down and set to work to restore animation. Suddenly a party of French soldiers rode up, led by the King's Provost-Marshal, a man whom he recognised as the companion of Maître Pierre. Quentin was seized and bound, and the provost ordered his two executioners to do their duty, since the Scot had interfered with the course of the King's justice. Quentin protested, and asked if any spectator would inform Le Balafré that his nephew was being basely murdered. A Scotch archer, named Cunningham, then interfered, and promised to assist him. A few minutes after, Le Balafré, with other archers, rode up and set his nephew free. A dispute arose between the Provost Marshal and Le Balafré, but a contest was avoided by Le Balafré declaring that Quentin was a member of his retinue. Durward was now told he must join the archers or he would surely be hanged. He therefore hesitated no longer. The archers decided to inform Oliver Dain, the King's adviser, of the occurrence. They also resolved to return to the castle and report the occurrence to Lord Crawford, their leader.]

CHAPTER IV

AN attendant upon the archers having been dismounted, Quentin Durward was accommodated with his horse, and, in company of his martial countrymen, rode at a round pace towards the Castle of Plessis, about to become, although on his own part involuntarily, an inhabitant 5 of that gloomy fortress, the outside of which had, that morning, struck him with so much surprise.

At their approach, the wicket was opened and the drawbridge fell. One by one they entered; but when Quentin appeared, the sentinels crossed their pikes, and 10 commanded him to stand, while bows were bent, and harquebusses aimed at him from the walls—a rigour of vigilance used notwithstanding that the young stranger came in company of a party of the garrison.

Le Balafré, who had remained by his nephew's side 15 on purpose, gave the necessary explanations, and, after some considerable hesitation and delay, the youth was conveyed under a strong guard to the Lord Crawford's apartment.

This Scottish nobleman was one of the last relics of 20 the gallant band of Scottish lords and knights who had so long and so truly served Charles VI. in those bloody wars which decided the independence of the French crown and the expulsion of the English. He had fought, when a boy, abreast with Douglas and with Buchan, had 25 ridden beneath the banner of the Maid of Arc, and was perhaps one of the last of those associates of Scottish chivalry who had so willingly drawn their swords for the *fleur-de-lys* against their “auld enemies of England.”

Balafré and Cunningham followed Durward and the

guard to the apartment of their officer, by whose dignified appearance, as well as with the respect paid to him by these proud soldiers, who seemed to respect no one else, the young man was much and strongly impressed.

5 Lord Crawford laid his book somewhat peevishly aside upon the entrance of these unexpected visitors, and demanded, in his broad national dialect, "What, in the foul fiend's name, they lacked now?"

Le Balafre, with more respect than perhaps he would
10 have shown to Louis himself, stated at full length the circumstances in which his nephew was placed, and humbly requested his lordship's protection. Lord Crawford listened very attentively. He could not but smile at the simplicity with which the youth had interfered in behalf of the hanged
15 criminal, but he shook his head at the account which he received of the ruffle betwixt the Scottish Archers and the provost-marshal's guard.

"How often," he said, "will you bring me such ill-winded pirns to ravel out? How often must I tell you,
20 and especially both you, Ludovic Lesly, and you, Archie Cunningham, that the foreign soldier should bear himself modestly and decorously towards the people of the country, if you would not have the whole dogs of the town at your heels? But this simple bairn must come to no skaith
25 neither; so give me the roll of the company yonder down from the shelf, and we will even add his name to the troop, that he may enjoy the privileges."

"May it please your lordship," said Durward——

"Is the lad crazed!" exclaimed his uncle. "Would
30 you speak to his lordship without a question asked?"

"Patience, Ludovic," said Lord Crawford, "and let us hear what the bairn has to say."

"Only this, if it may please your lordship," replied Quentin, "that I told my uncle formerly I had some

doubts about entering this service. I have now to say that they are entirely removed, since I have seen the noble and experienced commander under whom I am to serve; for there is authority in your look."

"Weel said, my bairn," said the old lord, not insensible 5 to the compliment; "we have had some experience, had God sent us grace to improve by it, both in service and in command. There you stand, Quentin, in our honourable corps of Scottish Body-Guards, as esquire to your uncle, and serving under his lance. I trust you will do well, 10 for you should be a right man-at-arms. Ludovic, you will see that your kinsman follow his exercise diligently, for we will have spears-breaking one of these days."

The next point was to invest the young recruit as hastily as possible with the dress and appropriate arms of 15 the Guard, that he might appear in every respect the sharer of its important privileges, in virtue of which, and by the support of his countrymen, he might freely brave the power and the displeasure of the provost-marshal, although the one was known to be as formidable as the 20 other was unrelenting.

CHAPTER V

QUENTIN DURWARD put on the next morning, with the feelings of so young a man on such an occasion, the splendid dress and arms appertaining to his new situation; and his uncle, who looked with great accuracy and interest 25 to see that he was completely fitted out in every respect,

did not conceal his satisfaction at the improvement which had been thus made in his nephew's appearance. "If thou dost prove as faithful and bold as thou art well-favoured, I shall have in thee one of the handsomest
5 and best esquires in the Guard, which cannot but be an honour to thy mother's family. Follow me to the presence-chamber; and see thou keep close at my shoulder."

On a signal given, the guards were put into motion by
10 the command of Le Balafre, who acted as officer upon the occasion; and, after some minutiae of word and signal, which all served to show the extreme and punctilious jealousy with which their duty was performed, they marched into the hall of audience, where the King was
15 immediately expected.

New as Quentin was to scenes of splendour, the effect of that which was now before him rather disappointed the expectations which he had formed of the brilliancy of a court.

20 With the Lord Crawford, who was in attendance, dressed in the rich habit of his office, and holding a leading staff of silver in his hand, Quentin, as well as the reader, was already acquainted. Among others who seemed of quality, the most remarkable was the Count de
25 Dunois, the son of that celebrated Dunois who, fighting under the banner of Jean d'Arc, acted such a distinguished part in liberating France from the English yoke.

Upon the arm of his relation Dunois, walking with a step so slow and melancholy that he seemed to rest on
30 his kinsman and supporter, came Louis Duke of Orleans, the first prince of the blood royal (afterwards King, by the name of Louis XII.), and to whom the guards and attendants rendered their homage as such. The jealously-watched object of Louis's suspicions, this prince, who,

failing the King's offspring, was heir to the kingdom, was not suffered to absent himself from court. The dejection which his degraded and almost captive state naturally impressed on the deportment of this unfortunate prince was at this moment greatly increased by his 5 consciousness that the King meditated, with respect to him, one of the most cruel and unjust actions which a tyrant could commit, by compelling him to give his hand to the Princess Joan of France, the younger daughter of Louis, to whom he had been contracted in infancy, but 10 whose deformed person rendered the insisting upon such an agreement an act of abominable rigour.

Very different was the conduct of the proud cardinal and prelate, John of Balue, the favourite minister of Louis for the time, whose rise and character bore a close re- 15 semblance to that of Wolsey. As he swept through the stately apartment in his crimson dress and rich cope, he stopped repeatedly to look at the arms and appointments of the cavaliers on guard, asked them several questions in an authoritative tone, and took upon him to censure some 20 of them for what he termed irregularities of discipline, in language to which these experienced soldiers dared no reply, although it was plain they listened to it with impatience and with contempt. .

"Is the King aware," said Dunois to the cardinal, 25 "that the Burgundian envoy is peremptory in demanding an audience?"

"He is," answered the cardinal; "and here, as I think, comes the all-sufficient Oliver Dain to let us know the royal pleasure." 30

As he spoke, a remarkable person, who then divided the favour of Louis with the proud cardinal himself, entered from the inner apartment, but without any of that important and consequential demeanour which marked

the full-blown dignity of the churchman. On the contrary, this was a little, pale, meagre man, whose black silk jerkin and hose, without either coat, cloak, or cassock, formed a dress ill qualified to set off to advantage a very
5 ordinary person. He carried a silver basin in his hand, and a napkin flung over his arm indicated his menial capacity. His visage was penetrating and quick, although he endeavoured to banish such expression from his features, by keeping his eyes fixed on the ground, while,
10 with the stealthy and quiet pace of a cat, he seemed modestly rather to glide than to walk through the apartment. But, though modesty may easily obscure worth, it cannot hide court favour; and all attempts to steal unperceived through the presence-chamber were vain on
15 the part of one known to have such possession of the King's ear as had been attained by his celebrated barber and groom of the chamber, Oliver le Dain, called sometimes Oliver le Mauvais, and sometimes Oliver le Diable—epithets derived from the unscrupulous cunning with
20 which he assisted in the execution of the schemes of his master's tortuous policy.

After Oliver had prowled around the room, he again entered the inner apartment, the doors of which were presently thrown open, and King Louis entered the
25 presence-chamber.

Quentin, like all others, turned his eyes upon him; and started so suddenly that he almost dropt his weapon, when he recognised in the King of France that silk-merchant, Maître Pierre, who had been the companion of
30 his morning walk.

The stern look of his uncle, offended at this breach of the decorum of his office, recalled him to himself; but not a little was he astonished when the King, whose quick eye had at once discovered him, walked straight to the

place where he was posted, without taking notice of any one else. "So," he said, "young man, I am told you have been brawling on your first arrival in Touraine; but I pardon you, as it was chiefly the fault of a foolish old merchant, who thought your Caledonian blood required to be heated in the morning with *vin de Beaulne*. If I can find him, I will make him an example to those who debauch my Guards. Balafre," he added, speaking to Lesly, "your kinsman is a fair youth, though a fiery. We love to cherish such spirits, and mean to make more than ever we did of the brave men who are around us. Let the year, day, hour, and minute of your nephew's birth be written down and given to Oliver Dain."

Le Balafre bowed to the ground and reassumed his erect military position, as one who would show by his demeanour his promptitude to act in the King's quarrel or defence. Quentin, in the meantime, recovered from his first surprise, studied the King's appearance more attentively, and was surprised to find how differently he now construed his deportment and features than he had done at their first interview.

Presently after the King's appearance, the Princesses of France, with the ladies of their suite, entered the apartment. With the eldest, afterwards married to Peter of Bourbon, and known in French history by the name of the Lady of Beaujeau, our story has but little to do.

The younger sister, the unfortunate Joan, the destined bride of the Duke of Orleans, advanced timidly by the side of her sister, conscious of a total want of those external qualities which women are most desirous of possessing, or being thought to possess. She was pale, thin, and sickly in her complexion; her shape visibly bent to one side, and her gait so unequal that she might be called lame.

"And now to horse, gentlemen and ladies. We will ourselves lead forth our daughter of Beaujeau," said the King; "and God's blessing and St. Hubert's be on our morning sport!"

- 5 "I am, I fear, doomed to interrupt it, sire," said the Count de Dunois—"the Burgundian envoy is before the gates of the castle, and demands an audience."

"*Demands* an audience, Dunois!" replied the King.

- "Did you not answer him, as we sent you word by
10 Oliver, that we were not at leisure to see him to-day; and that to-morrow was the festival of St. Martin; and that on the succeeding day we were designed for Amboise; but that we would not fail to appoint him as early an audience, when we returned, as our pressing affairs would
15 permit?"

- "My liege," answered Dunois, "you will not thus rid yourself of Crèveœur; for his master's instructions are, that, if he hath not this audience which he demands, he shall nail his gauntlet to the palisades before the castle,
20 in token of mortal defiance on the part of his master, shall renounce the Duke's fealty to France, and declare instant war."

- "Ay," said Louis, without any perceptible alteration of voice, but frowning until his piercing dark eyes became
25 almost invisible under his shaggy eyebrows, "is it even so?—will our ancient vassal prove so masterful—our dear cousin treat us thus unkindly? Nay then, Dunois, we must unfold the *Oriflamme*, and cry '*Denis Montjoye!*'"

- "Marry and amen, and in a most happy hour!" said
30 the martial Dunois; and the guards in the hall, unable to resist the same impulse, stirred each upon his post, so as to produce a low but distinct sound of clashing arms. The King cast his eye proudly round, and for a moment thought and looked like his heroic father.

But the excitement of the moment presently gave way to the host of political considerations which, at that conjuncture, rendered an open breach with Burgundy so peculiarly perilous. Edward IV., a brave and victorious king, who had in his own person fought thirty battles, 5 was now established on the throne of England, was brother to the Duchess of Burgundy, and, it might well be supposed, waited but a rupture between his near connexion and Louis to carry into France, through the ever-open gate of Calais, those arms which had been 10 triumphant in the English civil wars. So that, after a deep pause, when Louis again spoke, although in the same tone, it was with an altered spirit. "But God forbid," he said, "that aught less than necessity should make us, the Most Christian King, give cause to the 15 effusion of Christian blood, if anything short of dishonour may avert such a calamity. We tender our subjects' safety dearer than the ruffle which our own dignity may receive from the rude breath of a malapert ambassador, who hath perhaps exceeded the errand with which he 20 was charged. Admit the envoy of Burgundy to our presence."

CHAPTER VI

THE flourish of trumpets in the courtyard now announced the arrival of the Burgundian nobleman. All in the presence-chamber made haste to arrange themselves 25 according to their proper places of precedence, the King and his daughters remaining in the centre of the assembly.

The Count of Crèvecœur, a renowned and undaunted warrior, entered the apartment; and, contrary to the usage among the envoys of friendly powers, he appeared all armed, excepting his head, in a gorgeous suit of the most superb Milan armour, made of steel, inlaid and embossed with gold, which was wrought into the fantastic taste called the arabesque. Around his neck, and over his polished cuirass, hung his master's order of the Golden Fleece, one of the most honoured associations of chivalry then known in Christendom. A handsome page bore his helmet behind him, and a herald preceded him, bearing his letters of credence, which he offered on his knee to the King.

"Approach, Seignior Count de Crèvecœur," said Louis, after a moment's glance at his commission; "we need not our cousin's letters of credence either to introduce to us a warrior so well known or to assure us of your highly deserved credit with your master. But we cannot guess the reason of this complete panoply."

"Sire," replied the ambassador, "the Count of Crèvecœur must lament his misfortune, and entreat your forgiveness, that he cannot, on this occasion, reply with such humble deference as is due to the royal courtesy with which your Majesty has honoured him. But, although it is only the voice of Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès which speaks, the words which he utters must be those of his gracious lord and sovereign the Duke of Burgundy."

"And what has Crèvecœur to say in the words of Burgundy?" said Louis, with an assumption of sufficient dignity. "Yet hold—remember, that in this presence Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès speaks to him who is his sovereign's sovereign."

Crèvecœur bowed, and then spoke aloud: "King of France, the mighty Duke of Burgundy once more sends

you a written schedule of the wrongs and oppressions committed on his frontiers by your Majesty's garrisons and officers; and the first point of inquiry is, whether it is your Majesty's purpose to make him amends for these injuries?"

The King, looking slightly at the memorial which the herald delivered to him upon his knee, said, "These matters have been already long before our council. Of the injuries complained of, some are in requital of those sustained by my subjects, some are affirmed without any proof, some have been retaliated by the Duke's garrisons and soldiers; and if there remain any which fall under none of these predicaments, we are not, as a Christian prince, averse to make satisfaction for wrongs actually sustained by our neighbour, though committed not only without our countenance but against our express order." 15

"I will convey your Majesty's answer," said the ambassador, "to my most gracious master; yet, let me say that, as it is in no degree different from the evasive replies which have already been returned to his just complaints, I cannot hope that it will afford the means of re-establishing peace and friendship betwixt France and Burgundy." 20

"Be that at God's pleasure," said the King. "It is not for dread of thy master's arms, but for the sake of peace only, that I return so temperate an answer to his injurious reproaches. Proceed with thine errand." 25

"My master's next demand," said the ambassador, "is, that your Majesty will cease your secret and underhand dealings with his towns of Ghent, Liege, and Malines. He requests that your Majesty will recall the secret agents by whose means the discontents of his good citizens of Flanders are inflamed; and dismiss from your Majesty's dominions, or rather deliver up to the condign punishment of their liege lord, those traitorous fugitives who, having fled from the scene of their machinations, have found too

ready a refuge in Paris, Orleans, Tours, and other French cities."

"Say to the Duke of Burgundy," replied the King, "that I know of no such indirect practices as those with
5 which he injuriously charges me; that my subjects of France have frequent intercourse with the good cities of Flanders, for the purpose of mutual benefit by free traffic, which it would be as much contrary to the Duke's interest as mine to interrupt. Proceed with your message; you
10 have heard my answer."

"As formerly, sire, with pain," replied the Count of Crèvecœur; "it not being of that direct or explicit nature which the Duke, my master, will accept, in atonement for a long train of secret machinations, not the less certain
15 though now disavowed by your Majesty. But I proceed with my message. The Duke of Burgundy further requires the King of France to send back to his dominions without delay, under a secure safeguard, the persons of Isabelle Countess of Croye, and of her relation and
20 guardian the Countess Hameline, of the same family, in respect the said Countess Isabelle, being, by the law of the country and the feudal tenure of her estates, the ward of the said Duke of Burgundy, hath fled from his dominions, and from the charge which he, as a careful guardian, was
25 willing to extend over her, and is here maintained in secret by the King of France. Once more I pause for your Majesty's reply."

"You did well, Count de Crèvecœur," said Louis, scornfully, "to begin your embassy at an early hour; for
30 if it be your purpose to call on me to account for the flight of every vassal whom your master's heady passion may have driven from his dominions, the bead-roll may last till sunset. Who can affirm that these ladies are in my dominions? Who can presume to say, if it be so,

that I have either countenanced their flight hither or have received them with offers of protection? Nay, who is it will assert that, if they are in France, their place of retirement is within my knowledge?"

"Sire," said Crèvecœur, "may it please your Majesty, 5 I *was* provided with a witness on this subject—one who beheld these fugitive ladies in the inn called the Fleur-de-Lys, not far from this castle; one who saw your Majesty in their company, though under the unworthy disguise of a burgess of Tours; one who received from them, in your 10 royal presence, messages and letters to their friends in Flanders—all which he conveyed to the hand and ear of the Duke of Burgundy."

"Bring him forward," said the King; "place the man before my face who dares maintain these palpable false- 15 hoods."

"You speak in triumph, sire; for you are well aware that this witness no longer exists. When he lived, he was called Zamet Maugrabin, by birth one of those Bohemian wanderers. He was yesterday, as I have 20 learned, executed by a party of your Majesty's provost-marshal, to prevent, doubtless, his standing here to verify what he said of this matter to the Duke of Burgundy, in presence of his council, and of me, Philip Crèvecœur de Cordès."

25

"Now, by our Lady of Embrun!" said the King, "so gross are these accusations, and so free of consciousness am I of aught that approaches them, that, by the honour of a king, I laugh rather than am wroth at them. My provost-guard daily put to death, as is their duty, thieves 30 and vagabonds. I pray you, tell my kind cousin, if he loves such companions, he had best keep them in his own estates; for here they are like to meet short shrift and a tight cord."

“My master needs no such subjects, sir King,” answered the count, in a tone more disrespectful than he had yet permitted himself to make use of; “for the noble Duke uses not to inquire of witches, wandering Egyptians, or
5 others upon the destiny and fate of his neighbours and allies.”

“We have had patience enough and to spare,” said the King, interrupting him; “and since thy sole errand here seems to be for the purpose of insult, we will send some
10 one in our name to the Duke of Burgundy—convinced, in thus demeaning thyself towards us, thou hast exceeded thy commission, whatever that may have been.”

“On the contrary,” said Crèvecœur, “I have not yet acquitted myself of it. Hearken, Louis of Valois, King
15 of France. Hearken, nobles and gentlemen who may be present. Hearken, all good and true men. And thou, Toison d’Or,” addressing the herald, “make proclamation after me. I, Philip Crèvecœur of Cordès, Count of the Empire, and Knight of the honourable and princely Order
20 of the Golden Fleece, in the name of the most puissant Lord and Prince, Charles, by the grace of God, Duke of Burgundy and Lotharingia, of Brabant and Limbourg, of Luxembourg and of Gueldres, Earl of Flanders and of Artois, Count Palatine of Hainault, of Holland, Zealand,
25 Namur, and Zutphen, Marquis of the Holy Empire, Lord of Friezeland, Salines, and Malines, do give you, Louis, King of France, openly to know, that, you having refused to remedy the various griefs, wrongs, and offences done and wrought by you, or by and through your aid,
30 suggestion, and instigation, against the said Duke and his loving subjects, he, by my mouth, renounces all allegiance and fealty towards your crown and dignity, pronounces you false and faithless, and defies you as a prince and as a man. There lies my gage, in evidence of what I have said.”

So saying, he plucked the gauntlet off his right hand and flung it down on the floor of the hall.

Until this last climax of audacity, there had been a deep silence in the royal apartment during the extraordinary scene; but no sooner had the clash of the gauntlet, when cast down, been echoed by the deep voice of Toison d'Or, the Burgundian herald, with the ejaculation, "Vive Bourgogne!" than there was a general tumult. While Dunois, Orleans, old Lord Crawford, and one or two others, whose rank authorised their interference, contemplated which should lift up the gauntlet, the others in the hall exclaimed, "Strike him down! Cut him to pieces! Comes he here to insult the King of France in his own palace?"

But the King appeased the tumult by exclaiming, in a voice like thunder, which overawed and silenced every other sound, "Silence, my lieges! lay not a hand on the man, not a finger on the gage. And you, sir count, of what is your life composed or how is it warranted, that you thus place it on the cast of a die so perilous? Or is your Duke made of a different metal from other princes, since he thus asserts his pretended quarrel in a manner so unusual?"

"He is indeed framed of a different and more noble metal than the other princes of Europe," said the undaunted Count of Crèvecœur; "for, when not one of them dared to give shelter to you—to *you*, I say, King Louis—when you were yet only Dauphin, an exile from France, and pursued by the whole bitterness of your father's revenge and all the power of his kingdom, you were received and protected like a brother by my noble master, whose generosity of disposition you have so grossly misused. Farewell, sire, my mission is discharged."

So saying, the Count de Crèvecœur left the apartment abruptly, and without farther leave-taking.

[After Count Crèvecœur left the room, Cardinal Balue was sent after him with the gauntlet. The cardinal succeeded in persuading the count to receive again his gage of defiance and to remain for twenty-four hours until the King had further considered the complaints. On learning this the King, accompanied by Cardinal Balue, Count Dunois, Quentin, and others, set out for the boar-hunt.]

CHAPTER VII

LOUIS followed contentedly the chase of the wild boar, which was now come to an interesting point. It had so
5 happened that a sounder (*i.e.*, in the language of the period, a boar of only two years old) had crossed the track of the proper object of the chase, and withdrawn in pursuit of him all the dogs, except two or three couple of old stanch hounds, and the greater part of the huntsmen.
10 The King saw, with internal glee, Dunois, as well as others, follow upon this false scent, and enjoyed in secret the thought of triumphing over that accomplished knight in the art of venerie, which was then thought almost as glorious as war. Louis was well mounted, and followed
15 close on the hounds; so that, when the original boar turned to bay in a marshy piece of ground, there was no one near him but the King himself.

Louis showed all the bravery and expertness of an

experienced huntsman ; for, unheeding the danger, he rode up to the tremendous animal, which was defending itself with fury against the dogs, and struck him with his boar-spear ; yet, as the horse shied from the boar, the blow was not so effectual as either to kill or disable him. No effort 5 could prevail on the horse to charge a second time ; so that the King, dismounting, advanced on foot against the furious animal, holding naked in his hand one of those short, sharp, straight, and pointed swords which huntsmen used for such encounters. The boar instantly quitted the 10 dogs to rush on his human enemy, while the King, taking his station, and posting himself firmly, presented the sword, with the purpose of aiming it at the boar's throat, or rather chest, within the collar-bone ; in which case, the weight of the beast, and the impetuosity of its career, 15 would have served to accelerate its own destruction. But, owing to the wetness of the ground, the King's foot slipped, just as this delicate and perilous manœuvre ought to have been accomplished, so that the point of the sword, encountering the cuirass of bristles on the outside of the creature's 20 shoulder, glanced off without making any impression, and Louis fell flat on the ground. This was so far fortunate for the monarch, because the animal, owing to the King's fall, missed his blow in his turn, and in passing only rent with his tusk the King's short hunting-cloak, instead of 25 ripping up his thigh. But when, after running a little a-head in the fury of his course, the boar turned to repeat his attack on the King at the moment when he was rising, the life of Louis was in imminent danger. At this critical moment, Quentin Durward, who had been thrown out in 30 the chase by the slowness of his horse, but who, nevertheless, had luckily distinguished and followed the blast of the King's horn, rode up and transfixd the animal with his spear.

The King, who had by this time recovered his feet, came in turn to Durward's assistance, and cut the animal's throat with his sword. Before speaking a word to Quentin, he measured the huge creature not only by paces, but even
5 by feet; then wiped the sweat from his brow and the blood from his hands; then took off his hunting-cap, hung it on a bush, and devoutly made his orisons to the little leaden images which it contained; and at length, looking upon Durward, said to him, "Is it thou, my young Scot?
10 Thou hast begun thy woodcraft well. Why dost thou not speak? Thou hast lost thy forwardness and fire, methinks, at the court, where others find both."

Quentin, as shrewd a youth as ever Scottish breeze breathed caution into, had imbibed more awe than con-
15 fidence towards his dangerous master, and was far too wise to embrace the perilous permission of familiarity which he seemed thus invited to use. He answered in very few and well-chosen words, that if he ventured to address his Majesty at all, it could be but to crave pardon
20 for the rustic boldness with which he had conducted himself when ignorant of his high rank.

"Tush! man," said the King; "I forgive thy sauciness for thy spirit and shrewdness. I admired how near thou didst hit upon my gossip Tristan's occupation. You have
25 nearly tasted of his handiwork since, as I am given to understand. I bid thee beware of him: he is a merchant who deals in rough bracelets and tight necklaces. Help me to my horse. I like thee, and will do thee good. Build on no man's favour but mine—not even on thine
30 uncle's or Lord Crawford's; and say nothing of thy timely aid in this matter of the boar, for if a man makes boast that he has served a king in such a pinch, he must take the braggart humour for its own recompense."

The King then winded his horn, which brought up

Dunois and several attendants, whose compliments he received on the slaughter of such a noble animal, without scrupling to appropriate a much greater share of merit than actually belonged to him; for he mentioned Durward's assistance as slightly as a sportsman of rank, 5 who, in boasting of the number of birds which he has bagged, does not always dilate upon the presence and assistance of the gamekeeper. He then ordered Dunois to see that the boar's carcass was sent to the brotherhood of St. Martin, at Tours, to mend their fare on holydays, 10 and that they might remember the King in their private devotions.

There was nothing more remarkable happened, and the King, with his retinue, returned to the castle.

[After the boar-hunt, Quentin was raised from the position of esquire to his uncle to the dignity of a full archer of the Scottish Guard. Oliver Dain then informed Quentin that he had been chosen by the King for some sentinel duties in the castle. He acted as sentinel while the King dined privately with Cardinal Balne and Count Crèvecoeur, and at the end of the dinner and conversation the latter departed in a much better humour. Quentin also kept watch in the Hall of Roland, where Princess Joan met the two Countesses, Lady Isabelle and her aunt, Lady Hameline. These ladies had been secretly admitted from the inn where they had been staying in disguise as Jacqueline and Madame Perette. The Duke of Orleans came in, and, struck by Isabelle's beauty, began to pay her unwelcome attentions, much to the annoyance of his affianced bride, Princess Joan. They were all presently dispersed by King Louis. The King was then visited by his barber minister, who was asked the best way of disposing of Isabelle in marriage. Oliver Dain made several suggestions, but these were all rejected by the King.]

CHAPTER VIII

"My invention is exhausted, sire," said Oliver le Dain ;
"I can remember no one who, as husband to the Countess
of Croye, would be likely to answer your Majesty's views.
He must unite such various qualities—a friend to your
5 Majesty, an enemy to Burgundy, of policy enough to
conciliate the Gauntois and Liegeois, and of valour
sufficient to defend his little dominions against the power
of Duke Charles ; of noble birth besides—that your High-
ness insists upon ; and of excellent and most virtuous
10 character, to the boot of all."

"Nay, Oliver," said the King, "I leaned not so much
—that is, so *very* much, on character. For example, since
I myself must suggest some one, why not William de la
Marck ?"

15 "On my halidome, sire," said Oliver, "I cannot com-
plain of your demanding too high a standard of moral
excellence in the happy man, if the Wild Boar of
Ardennes can serve your turn. De la Marck ! why, he
is the most notorious robber and murderer on all the
20 frontiers, excommunicated by the Pope for a thousand
crimes."

"We will have him released from the sentence, friend
Oliver ; holy church is merciful."

"Almost an outlaw," continued Oliver, "and under
25 the ban of the Empire, by an ordinance of the Chamber at
Ratisbon."

"We will have the ban taken off, friend Oliver," con-
tinued the King in the same tone ; "the Imperial Chamber
will hear reason."

30 "And admitting him to be of noble birth," said Oliver,

"he hath the manners, the face, and the outward form, as well as the heart, of a Flemish butcher. She will never accept of him."

"His mode of wooing, if I mistake him not," said Louis, "will render it difficult for her to make a choice." 5

"I was far wrong, indeed, when I taxed your Majesty with being over scrupulous," said the counsellor. "And then how is he to meet with his bride? Your Majesty knows he dare not stir far from his own Forest of Ardennes." 10

"That must be cared for," said the King; "and, in the first place, the two ladies must be acquainted privately that they can be no longer maintained at this court, except at the expense of a war between France and Burgundy, and that, unwilling to deliver them up to my fair cousin 15 of Burgundy, I am desirous they should secretly depart from my dominions."

"They will demand to be conveyed to England," said Oliver; "and we shall have her return to Flanders with an island lord, having a round fair face, long brown hair, 20 and three thousand archers at his back."

"No—no," replied the King; "we dare not—you understand me—so far offend our fair cousin of Burgundy as to let her pass to England. It would bring his displeasure as certainly as our maintaining her here. No— 25 no, to the safety of the church alone we will venture to commit her; and the utmost we can do is to connive at the Ladies Hameline and Isabelle de Croye departing in disguise, and with a small retinue, to take refuge with the Bishop of Liege, who will place the fair Isabelle for 30 the time under the safeguard of a convent."

"And if that convent protect her from William de la Marck, when he knows of your Majesty's favourable intentions, I have mistaken the man."

"Why, yes," answered the King, "thanks to our secret supplies of money, De la Marek hath together a handsome handful of as unscrupulous soldiery as ever were outlawed, with which he contrives to maintain
5 himself among the woods, in such a condition as makes him formidable both to the Duke of Burgundy and the Bishop of Liege. He lacks nothing but some territory which he may call his own; and this being so fair an opportunity to establish himself by marriage, I think
10 that, *Pasques-dieu*! he will find means to win and wed, without more than a hint on our part. The Duke of Burgundy will then have such a thorn in his side as no lancet of our time will easily cut out from his flesh. How dost thou like the scheme, Oliver, ha?"

15 "Rarely," said Oliver, "save and except the doom which confers that lady on the Wild Boar of Ardennes."

"And now to business," said the King. "I must determine the Ladies of Croye to a speedy and secret flight, under sure guidance. This will be easily done:
20 we have but to hint the alternative of surrendering them to Burgundy. Thou must find means to let William de la Marek know of their motions, and let him choose his own time and place to push his suit. I know a fit person to travel with them."

25 "May I ask to whom your Majesty commits such an important charge?" asked the tonsor.

"To a foreigner, be sure," replied the King, "one who has neither kin nor interest in France, to interfere with the execution of my pleasure; and who knows too little
30 of the country and its factions to suspect more of my purpose than I choose to tell him—in a word, I design to employ the young Scot who sent you hither but now."

Oliver paused in a manner which seemed to imply a doubt of the prudence of the choice, and then added,

"Your Majesty has reposed confidence in that stranger boy earlier than is your wont."

"I have my reasons," answered the King. "Thou knowest (and he crossed himself) my devotion for the blessed St. Julian. I had been saying my orisons to that holy saint late in the night before last, wherein, as he is known to be the guardian of travellers, I made it my humble petition that he would augment my household with such wandering foreigners as might best establish throughout our kingdom unlimited devotion to our will; and I vowed to the good saint in guerdon that I would, in his name, receive, and relieve, and maintain them."

"And did St. Julian," said Oliver, "send your Majesty this long-legged importation from Scotland in answer to your prayers?"

"Sirrah," he said, "thou art well called Oliver the Devil, who darest thus to sport at once with thy master and with the blessed saints! I tell thee, wert thou one grain less necessary to me, I would have thee hung up on yonder oak before the castle, as an example to all who scoff at things holy! Know, thou infidel slave, that mine eyes were no sooner closed than the blessed St. Julian was visible to me, leading a young man, whom he presented to me, saying, that his fortune should be to escape the sword, the cord, the river, and to bring good fortune to the side which he should espouse, and to the adventures in which he should be engaged. I walked out on the succeeding morning, and I met with this youth, whose image I had seen in my dream."

"The features of this youth, then, if I may presume to speak," said Oliver, "resemble those of him whom your dream exhibited?"

"Closely and intimately," said the King, whose imagination, like that of superstitious people in general,

readily imposed upon itself. "I have had his horoscope cast, besides, by Galeotti Martivalle, and I have plainly learned, through his art and mine own observation, that, in many respects, this unfriended youth has his destiny
5 under the same constellation with mine."

Whatever Oliver might think of the causes thus boldly assigned for the preference of an inexperienced stripling, he dared make no farther objections. He therefore only replied, that "He trusted the youth would prove faithful
10 in the discharge of a task so delicate."

"We will take care he hath no opportunity to be otherwise," said Louis; "for he shall be privy to nothing save that he is sent to escort the Ladies of Croye to the residence of the Bishop of Liege. Of the probable inter-
15 ference of William de la Marck he shall know as little as they themselves. None shall know that secret but the guide; and Tristan or thou must find one fit for our purpose."

CHAPTER IX

OCCUPATION and adventure might be said to crowd upon
20 the young Scottishman with the force of a spring-tide; for he was speedily summoned to the apartment of his captain, the Lord Crawford, where, to his astonishment, he again beheld the King. After a few words respecting the honour and trust which were about to be reposed in
25 him, Quentin was delighted with hearing that he was selected, with the assistance of four others under his command, one of whom was a guide, to escort the Ladies of

Cröye to the little court of their relative, the Bishop of Liege, in the safest and most commodious, and at the same time in the most secret, manner possible. A scroll was given him, in which were set down directions for his guidance, for the places of halt (generally chosen in 5 obscure villages, solitary monasteries, and situations remote from towns), and for the general precautions which he was to attend to, especially on approaching the frontier of Burgundy. He was sufficiently supplied with instructions what he ought to say and do to sustain the personage 10 of the *maître d'hôtel* of two English ladies of rank, who had been on a pilgrimage to St. Martin of Tours, and were about to visit the holy city of Cologne, and worship the relics of the sage Eastern monarchs who came to adore the nativity of Bethlehem; for under that character the 15 Ladies of Cröye were to journey.

But Louis had not yet done with him. That cautious monarch had to consult a counsellor of a different stamp from Oliver le Diable, and who was supposed to derive his skill from the superior and astral intelligences, as 20 men, judging from their fruits, were apt to think the counsels of Oliver sprung from the devil himself.

Louis therefore led the way, followed by the impatient Quentin, to a separate tower of the Castle of Plessis, in which was installed, in no small ease and splendour, the 25 celebrated astrologer, poet, and philosopher, Galeotti Marti, or Martius, or Martivalle.

Martivalle was none of those ascetic, withered, pale professors of mystic learning of those days, who bleared their eyes over the midnight furnace, and macerated their 30 bodies by outwatching the polar bear. He indulged in all courtly pleasures, and, until he grew corpulent, had excelled in all martial sports and gymnastic exercises, as well as in the use of arms.

The apartments of this courtly and martial sage were far more splendidly furnished than any which Quentin had yet seen in the royal palace; and the carving and ornamented woodwork of his library, as well as the
5 magnificence displayed in the tapestries, showed the elegant taste of the learned Italian. Out of his study one door opened to his sleeping-apartment, another led to the turret which served as his observatory.

The library of this singular character was of the same
10 miscellaneous description with his other effects. The individual himself, seated in a huge chair, was employed in curiously examining a specimen, just issued from the Frankfort press, of the newly invented art of printing.

"You are engaged, father," said the King, "and, as
15 I think, with this new-fashioned art of multiplying manuscripts by the intervention of machinery. Can things of such mechanical and terrestrial import interest the thoughts of one before whom Heaven has unrolled her own celestial volumes?"

20 "My brother," replied Martivalle—"for so the tenant of this cell must term even the King of France when he deigns to visit him as a disciple—believe me that, in considering the consequences of this invention, I read with as certain augury as by any combination of the
25 heavenly bodies the most awful and portentous changes."

Louis answered, after a moment's pause, "Let futurity look to what concerns them; we are men of this age, and to this age we will confine our care. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Tell me, hast thou proceeded
30 farther in the horoscope which I sent to thee, and of which you made me some report? I have brought the party hither, that you may use palmistry, or chiromancy, if such is your pleasure. The matter is pressing."

The bulky sage arose from his seat, and, approaching

the young soldier, fixed on him his keen large dark eyes, as if he were in the act of internally spelling and dissecting every lineament and feature. Quentin bent his eyes on the ground, and did not again raise them till in the act of obeying the sonorous command of the astrologer—"Look up and be not afraid, but hold forth thy hand."

When Martivalle had inspected his palm, according to the form of the mystic arts which he practised, he led the King some steps aside. "My royal brother," he said, "the physiognomy of this youth, together with the lines impressed on his hand, confirm, in a wonderful degree, the report which I founded on his horoscope, as well as that judgment which your own proficiency in our sublime arts induced you at once to form of him. All promises that this youth will be brave and fortunate."

"And faithful?" said the King; "for valour and fortune square not always with fidelity."

"And faithful also," said the astrologer; "for there is manly firmness in look and eye, and his *linea vitæ* is deeply marked and clear, which indicates a true and upright adherence to those who do benefit or lodge trust in him. But yet——"

"But what?" said the King. "Father Galeotti, wherefore do you now pause?"

"The ears of kings," said the sage, "are like the palates of those dainty patients which are unable to endure the bitterness of the drugs necessary for their recovery."

"My ears and my palate have no such niceness," said Louis; "let me hear what is useful counsel, and swallow what is wholesome medicine."

"Then plainly, sire," replied Galeotti, "if you have aught in your purposed commission which—which, in

short, may startle a scrupulous conscience—entrust it not to this youth—at least, not till a few years' exercise in your service has made him as unscrupulous as others."

"And is this what you hesitated to speak, my good
5 Galeotti? and didst thou think thy speaking it would offend me?" said the King. "Alack, I know that thou art well sensible that the path of royal policy cannot be always squared, as that of private life ought invariably to be, by the abstract maxims of religion and morality.
10 Be assured, good father, that, whatever there may be in our commission of the nature at which you have hinted, the execution shall not be entrusted to this youth, nor shall he be privy to such part of our purpose."

"In this," said the astrologer, "you, my royal brother,
15 will walk wisely."

"Will this next midnight be a propitious hour in which to commence a perilous journey?" said the King. "See, here is your Ephemerides; you see the position of the moon in regard to Saturn and the ascendance of
20 Jupiter. That should argue, methinks, in submission to your better art, success to him who sends forth the expedition at such an hour."

"To him who *sends forth* the expedition," said the astrologer, after a pause, "this conjunction doth indeed
25 promise success; but methinks that Saturn, being combust, threatens danger and infortune to the party *sent*; whence I infer that the errand may be perilous, or even fatal, to those who are to journey. Violence and captivity, methinks, are intimated in that adverse conjunction."

30 "Violence and captivity to those who are sent," answered the King, "but success to the wishes of the sender. Runs it not thus, my learned father?"

"Even so," replied the astrologer.

The King paused, without giving any further indication

how far this presaging speech squared with his real object, which, as the reader is aware, was to betray the Countess Isabelle of Croye into the hands of William de la Marck, a nobleman indeed of high birth, but degraded by his crimes into a leader of banditti, distinguished for his 5 turbulent disposition and ferocious bravery.

At last the King said, "Thanks, learned father. Here is something, the while, to enlarge your curious library," handing him a small purse of gold.

Then Louis, turning to address Durward, said, "Follow 10 me, my bonny Scot, as one chosen by destiny and a monarch to accomplish a bold adventure. All must be got ready that thou mayst put foot in stirrup the very instant the bell of St. Martin's tolls twelve. One minute sooner, one minute later, were to forfeit the favourable 15 aspect of the constellations which smile on your adventure."

Thus saying, the King left the apartment, followed by his young Guardsman.

CHAPTER X

AT a few minutes before twelve at midnight, Quentin, 20 according to his directions, proceeded to the second courtyard, and paused under the Dauphin's Tower, which, as the reader knows, was assigned for the temporary residence of the Countesses of Croye. He found, at this place of rendezvous, the men and horses appointed to compose the 25 retinue, leading two sumpter mules already loaded with

baggage, and holding three palfreys for the two countesses and a faithful waiting-woman, with a stately war-horse for himself, whose steel-plated saddle glanced in the pale moonlight. Not a word of recognition was spoken on either side. The men sat still in their saddles, as if they were motionless; and by the same imperfect light Quentin saw with pleasure that they were all armed, and held long lances in their hands. They were only three in number; but one of them whispered to Quentin, in a strong Gascon accent, that their guide was to join them beyond Tours.

Meantime, lights glanced to and fro at the lattices of the tower, as if there was bustle and preparation among its inhabitants. At length, a small door, which led from the bottom of the tower to the court, was unclosed, and three females came forth, attended by a man wrapped in a cloak. They mounted in silence the palfreys which stood prepared for them, while their attendant on foot led the way, and gave the passwords and signals to the watchful guards. Thus they at length reached the exterior of these formidable barriers.

In a quarter of an hour's riding they found themselves beyond the limits of Plessis le Parc, and not far distant from the city of Tours.

The young Scottishman, accustomed to the waste though impressive landscape of his own mountains, and the poverty even of his country's most stately scenery, looked on a scene which art and nature seemed to have vied in adorning with their richest splendour. But he was recalled to the business of the moment by the voice of the elder lady demanding to speak with the leader of the band. Spurring his horse forward, Quentin respectfully presented himself to the ladies in that capacity, and thus underwent the interrogatories of the Lady Hameline.

"What was his name, and what his degree?"

He told both.

"Was he perfectly acquainted with the road?"

"He could not," he replied, "pretend to much knowledge of the route, but he was furnished with full instructions, and he was, at their first resting-place, to be provided with a guide in all respects competent to the task of directing their farther journey; meanwhile, a horseman who had just joined them, and made the number of their guard four, was to be their guide for the first stage." 5 10

"And wherefore were you selected for such a duty, young gentleman?" said the lady.

"I am bound to obey the commands of the King, madam, but am not qualified to reason on them," answered the young soldier. 15

"Are you of noble birth?" demanded the same querist.

"I may safely affirm so, madam," replied Quentin.

"And are you not," said the younger lady, addressing him in her turn, but with a timorous accent, "the same whom I saw when I was called to wait upon the King at yonder inn?" 20

Lowering his voice, perhaps from similar feelings of timidity, Quentin answered in the affirmative.

"Then, methinks, my cousin," said the Lady Isabelle, 25 addressing the Lady Hameline, "we must be safe under this young gentleman's safeguard; he looks not, at least, like one to whom the execution of a plan of treacherous cruelty upon two helpless women could be with safety entrusted." 30

"On my honour, madam," said Durward, "by the fame of my house, by the bones of my ancestry, I could not, for France and Scotland laid into one, be guilty of treachery or cruelty towards you!"

The ladies now continued their journey in silence, or in such conversation as is not worth narrating, until day began to break; and as they had then been on horseback for several hours, Quentin, anxious lest they should be
5 fatigued, became impatient to know their distance from the nearest resting-place.

"I will show it you," answered the guide, "in half an hour."

"And then you leave us to other guidance?" continued
10 Quentin.

"Even so, seignior archer," replied the man.

Soon after Quentin was aroused by the cry of both the ladies at once, "Look back—look back! For the love of Heaven look to yourself and us; we are pursued!"

15 Quentin hastily looked back, and saw that two armed men were in fact following them, and riding at such a pace as must soon bring them up with their party.

"Do you, gracious ladies," said Durward, "ride forward, not so fast as to raise an opinion of your being in flight, and yet fast enough to avail yourselves of the impediment
20 which I shall presently place between you and these men who follow us."

The Countess Isabelle looked to their guide, and then whispered to her aunt, who spoke to Quentin thus—"We
25 have confidence in your care, fair archer, and will abide the risk of whatever may chance in your company."

"Be it as you will, ladies," said the youth. "There are but two who come after us; and though they be knights, as their arms seem to show, they shall, if they
30 have any evil purpose, learn how a Scottish gentleman can do his devoir in the presence and for the defence of such as you."

While he spoke, the two knights—for they seemed of no less rank—came up with the rear of the party, in

which Quentin, with one sturdy adherent, had by this time stationed himself. They were fully accoutred in excellent armour of polished steel, without any device by which they could be distinguished.

One of them, as they approached, called out to Quentin, 5
 "Sir squire, give place; we come to relieve you of a charge which is above your rank and condition."

"In return to your demand, sirs," replied Durward, "know, in the first place, that I am discharging the duty imposed upon me by my present sovereign; and next, 10
 that however unworthy I may be, the ladies desire to abide under my protection."

"Out, sirrah!" exclaimed one of the champions; "will you, a wandering beggar, put yourself on terms of resistance against belted knights?" 15

"They are indeed terms of resistance," said Quentin, "since they oppose your insolent and unlawful aggression; and if there be difference of rank between us, which as yet I know not, your discourtesy has done it away. Draw your sword, or, if you will use the lance, take ground for 20
 your career."

While the knights turned their horses and rode back to the distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, Quentin, looking to the ladies, bent low on his saddle-bow, as if desiring their favourable regard, and as they streamed 25
 towards him their kerchiefs in token of encouragement, the two assailants had gained the distance necessary for their charge.

Calling to the Gascon guard to bear himself like a man, Durward put his steed into motion; and the four 30
 horsemen met in full career in the midst of the ground which at first separated them. The shock was fatal to the poor Gascon; for his adversary, aiming at his face, which was undefended by a visor, ran him through the

eye into the brain, so that he fell dead from his horse.

On the other hand, Quentin, though labouring under the same disadvantage, swayed himself in the saddle so dexterously that the hostile lance, slightly scratching his cheek, passed over his right shoulder; while his own spear, striking his antagonist fair upon the breast, hurled him to the ground. Quentin jumped off, to unhelm his fallen opponent; but the other knight, who had never yet spoken, seeing the fortune of his companion, dismounted still more speedily than Durward, and bestriding his friend, who lay senseless, exclaimed, "In the name of God and St. Martin, mount, good fellow, and get thee gone with thy woman's ware!"

"By your leave, sir knight," said Quentin, who could not brook the menacing tone in which this advice was given, "I will first see whom I have had to do with, and learn who is to answer for the death of my comrade."

"That shalt thou never live to know or to tell!" answered the knight. "Get thee back in peace, good fellow! If we were fools for interrupting your passage, we have had the worst, for thou hast done more evil than the lives of thou and thy whole band could repay. Nay, if thou *wilt* have it (for Quentin now drew his sword and advanced on him), take it with a vengeance!"

So saying, he dealt the Scot such a blow on the helmet as till that moment, though bred where good blows were plenty, he had only read of in romance. It descended like a thunderbolt, beating down the guard which the young soldier had raised to protect his head, and reaching his helmet of proof, cut it through so far as to touch his hair, but without farther injury; while Durward, dizzy, stunned, and beaten down on one knee, was for an instant at the mercy of the knight, had it pleased him to second

his blow. But compassion for Quentin's youth, or admiration of his courage, or a generous love of fair play, made him withhold from taking such advantage; while Durward, collecting himself, sprung up and attacked his antagonist with the energy of one determined to conquer or die, and at the same time with the presence of mind necessary for fighting the quarrel out to the best advantage. 5

The duel was still at the hottest, when a large party of horse rode up, crying, "Hold, in the King's name!" 10 Both champions stepped back; and Quentin saw with surprise that his captain, Lord Crawford, was at the head of the party who had thus interrupted their combat. There was also Tristan l'Hermite, with two or three of his followers; making, in all, perhaps twenty horse. 15

The arrival of Lord Crawford and his guard put an immediate end to the engagement; and the knight, throwing off his helmet, hastily gave the old lord his sword, saying, "Crawford, I render myself. But hither, and lend me your ear—a word, for God's sake—save the Duke of Orleans!" 20

"How! what? the Duke of Orleans!" exclaimed the Scottish commander. "How came this, in the name of the foul fiend? It will ruin the callant with the King for ever and a day." 25

"Ask no questions," said Dunois, for it was no other than he; "it was all my fault."

[Dunois and the Duke of Orleans were led away by Lord Crawford, and Durward was provided by the archers with a steel head-piece in place of the one that had been cut in two. The Ladies of Croye dressed Durward's wound, and Lady Hameline bestowed on him a coloured scarf for his gallant services. This, according

to the custom of the time, Quentin bound round his arm. The temporary guide also left, and a new one, sent by the King's orders, appeared. He was an infidel Bohemian, or gipsy, and was called Hayraddin Maugrabin. He proved his authority by giving the true token, or pass-word—

“The page slew the boar,
The peer had the gloire.”]

CHAPTER XI

“WILL money render thee a trusty guide?” demanded Durward, addressing the Bohemian.

“If I be not such without it, no,” replied the heathen.

“Then what will bind thee?” asked the Scot.

5 “Kindness,” replied the Bohemian.

“Shall I swear to show thee such, if thou art true guide to us on this pilgrimage?”

“No,” replied Hayraddin, “it were extravagant waste of a commodity so rare. To thee I am bound already.”

10 “How?” exclaimed Durward, more surprised than ever.

“Remember the chestnut-trees on the banks of the Cher. The victim whose body thou didst cut down was my brother, Zamet, the Maugrabin.”

15 “And yet,” said Quentin, “I find you in correspondence with those very officers by whom your brother was done to death; for it was one of them who directed me where to meet with you—the same, doubtless, who procured yonder ladies your services as a guide.”

20 “What can we do?” answered Hayraddin, gloomily.

"These men deal with us as the sheep-dogs do with the flock: they protect us for a while, drive us hither and thither at their pleasure, and always end by guiding us to the shambles."

Under the guidance of the Bohemian, Quentin and 5 the ladies travelled for more than a week, through bye-paths and unfrequented districts, and by circuitous routes, in order to avoid large towns.

Their resting-places were chiefly the monasteries, most of which were obliged by the rules of their foundation 10 to receive pilgrims, under which character the ladies travelled, with hospitality, and without any troublesome inquiries into their rank and character.

One circumstance gave Quentin peculiar trouble, which was the character and nation of his guide, who, as a 15 heathen and an infidel vagabond, addicted, besides, to occult arts, was often looked upon as a very improper guest for the holy resting-places at which the company usually halted, and was not in consequence admitted within even the outer circuit of the walls save with 20 extreme reluctance.

Upon the tenth or twelfth day of their journey, after they had entered Flanders and were approaching the town of Namur, all the efforts of Quentin became inadequate to suppress the consequences of the scandal given by his 25 heathen guide. The scene was a Franciscan convent, and of a strict and reformed order, and the prior a man who afterwards died in the odour of sanctity. After rather more than the usual scruples, which were indeed in such a case to be expected, had been surmounted, the obnoxious 30 Bohemian at length obtained quarters in an outhouse. The ladies retired to their apartment, as usual, and the prior invited Quentin to a slight monastic refecton in his own cell. Finding the father a man of intelligence,

Quentin did not neglect the opportunity of making himself acquainted with the state of affairs in the country of Liege, of which, during the last two days of their journey, he had heard such reports as made him very apprehensive
5 for the security of his charge during the remainder of their route, nay, even of the bishop's power to protect them when they should be safely conducted to his residence. The replies of the prior were not very consolatory.

10 Their conversation was interrupted by the sacristan, who, in a voice almost inarticulate with anger, accused the Bohemian of having practised the most abominable arts of delusion among the younger brethren. He had added to their nightly meal cups of a heady and intoxicat-
15 ing cordial of ten times the strength of the most powerful wine, under which several of the fraternity had succumbed.

The father prior listened to these complaints for some time in silence, and then ordered the lay brethren, on pain of the worst consequences of spiritual disobedience,
20 to beat Hayraddin out of the sacred precincts with their broom-staves and cart-whips. The Bohemian then fled from the convent.

Suspicion darted through Durward's mind, and he resolved to follow his cudgelled guide, and observe,
25 secretly if possible, how he disposed of himself. Accordingly, when the Bohemian fled, as already mentioned, out at the gate of the convent, Quentin, hastily explaining to the prior the necessity of keeping sight of his guide, followed in pursuit of him.

[The Bohemian Hayraddin had planned to be driven away from the convent that he might meet some messengers of De la Marck and arrange to lead Quentin and the ladies to a place where they

could be seized as they travelled on the right bank of the Maes. Hayraddin made it a condition, however, that Quentin should not be hurt. Durward overheard the treacherous plan, and then, without letting himself be seen, quietly returned to the convent.]

CHAPTER XII

By peep of day Quentin Durward had forsaken his little cell, had roused the sleepy grooms, and with more than his wonted care, seen that everything was prepared for the day's journey.

Dangerous as he knew the Bohemian to be, he thought 5 he could use his services, and at the same time baffle his treasonable purpose, now that he saw clearly to what it tended. The little cavalcade was not an hundred yards from the monastery and the village before Maugrabin joined it, riding as usual on his little active and wild- 10 looking jennet.

"Where hast thou found night-quarter, thou profane knave?" said the Scot.

"Your wisdom may guess by looking on my gaberline," answered the Bohemian, pointing to his dress, which was 15 covered with the seeds of hay.

"A good hay-stack," said Quentin, "is a convenient bed for an astrologer, and a much better than a heathen scoffer at our blessed religion and its ministers ever deserves."

"It suited my Klepper better than me, though," said 20 Hayraddin, patting his horse on the neck, "for he had food and shelter at the same time."

Astonished at the man's ready confidence, and uncertain whether he did not know more of his own history and feelings than was pleasant for him to converse upon, Quentin broke off the conversation, and fell back to his accustomed post beside the ladies.

On this anxious morning he rode beside the Ladies of Croye without any of his usual attempts to amuse them, and they could not help observing his silence as something remarkable.

“Our young companion has seen a wolf,” said the Lady Hameline, alluding to an ancient superstition, “and he has lost his tongue in consequence.”

“To say I had tracked a fox were nearer the mark,” thought Quentin, but gave the reply no utterance.

“You speak mysteriously—you know of some pressing and present danger,” said the Lady Hameline.

“I have read it in his eye for this hour past!” exclaimed the Lady Isabelle, clasping her hands. “Sacred Virgin, what will become of us?”

“Nothing, I hope, but what you would desire,” answered Durward. “And now I am compelled to ask—gentle ladies, can you trust me?”

“Trust you!” answered the Countess Hameline, “certainly. But why the question? Or how far do you ask our confidence?”

“I, on my part,” said the Countess Isabelle, “trust you implicitly and without condition. If you can deceive us, Quentin, I will no more look for truth, save in Heaven.”

“Gentle lady,” replied Durward, highly gratified, “you do me but justice. My object is to alter our route, by proceeding directly by the left bank of the Maes to Liege, instead of crossing at Namur. This differs from the order assigned by King Louis and the instructions

given to the guide. But I heard news in the monastery of marauders on the right bank of the Maes, and of the march of Burgundian soldiers to suppress them. Both circumstances alarm me for your safety. Have I your permission so far to deviate from the route of your journey?" 5

"My ample and full permission," answered the younger lady.

"Cousin," said the Lady Hameline, "I believe with you that the youth means us well; but bethink you—we transgress the instructions of King Louis, so positively reiterated."

"And why should we regard his instructions?" said the Lady Isabelle. "I am, I thank Heaven for it, no subject of his; and, as a suppliant, he has abused the confidence he induced me to repose in him. I would not 15 dishonour this young gentleman by weighing his word for an instant against the injunctions of yonder crafty and selfish despot."

"Now, may God bless you for that very word, lady!" said Quentin, joyously; "and if I deserve not the trust 20 it expresses, tearing with wild horses in this life, and eternal tortures in the next, were e'en too good for my deserts."

So saying, he spurred his horse and rejoined the Bohemian. 25

Quentin then informed the guide that he intended to change the route, for, he continued, "My duty is plain and peremptory—to convey these ladies in safety to Liege; and I take it on me to think that I best discharge that duty in changing our prescribed route, and keeping 30 the left side of the river Maes. It is likewise the direct road to Liege. By crossing the river, we should lose time and incur fatigue to no purpose. Wherefore should we do so?"

"Only because pilgrims, as they call themselves, destined for Cologne," said Hayraddin, "do not usually descend the Maes so low as Liege; and that the route of the ladies will be accounted contradictory to their professed destination."

"If we are challenged on that account," said Quentin, "we will say that alarms of the wicked Duke of Gueldres, or of William de la Marek, or of the *écorcheurs* and lanzknechts, on the right side of the river, justify our holding by the left, instead of our intended route."

"As you will, my good seignior," replied the Bohemian. "I am, for my part, equally ready to guide you down the left as down the right side of the Maes. Your excuse to your master you must make out for yourself."

Quentin, although rather surprised, was at the same time pleased with the ready, or at least the unrepugnant, acquiescence of Hayraddin in their change of route, for he needed his assistance as a guide, and yet had feared that the disconcerting of his intended act of treachery would have driven him to extremity.

Abandoning, therefore, all thoughts of their original route, the little party followed that by the left bank of the broad Maes so speedily and successfully that the next day early brought them to the purposed end of their journey. They found that the Bishop of Liege, for the sake of his health, as he himself alleged, but rather, perhaps, to avoid being surprised by the numerous and mutinous population of the city, had established his residence in his beautiful Castle of Schonwaldt, about a mile without Liege.

The Ladies of Croye, when announced by Quentin, were reverently ushered into the great hall, where they met with the most cordial reception from the bishop, who met them there at the head of his little court. He would

not permit them to kiss his hand, but welcomed them with a salute, which had something in it of gallantry on the part of a prince to fine women, and something also of the holy affection of a pastor to the sisters of his flock.

The bishop was so fast an ally of the Duke of Burgundy, that the latter claimed almost a joint sovereignty in his bishopric, and repaid the good-natured ease with which the prelate admitted claims which he might easily have disputed, by taking his part on all occasions, with the determined and furious zeal which was a part of his character. He used to say, "He considered Liege as his own, the bishop as his brother, and that he who annoyed Louis of Bourbon had to do with Charles of Burgundy"—a threat which, considering the character and the power of the prince who used it, would have been powerful with any but the rich and discontented city of Liege, where much wealth had, according to the ancient proverb, made wit waver.

The prelate assured the Ladies of Croye of such intercession as his interest at the court of Burgundy, used to the uttermost, might gain for them, and which, he hoped, might be the more effectual, as Campo-basso, from some late discoveries, stood rather lower than formerly in the Duke's personal favour. He promised them also such protection as it was in his power to afford; but the sigh with which he gave the warrant seemed to allow that his power was more precarious than in words he was willing to admit.

He gallantly conducted the ladies to his sister's apartment, as he concluded the harangue of welcome; and his master of the household, an officer who, having taken deacon's orders, held something between a secular and ecclesiastical character, entertained Quentin with the hospitality which his master enjoined, while the other

personages of the retinue of the Ladies of Croye were committed to the inferior departments.

[Next day, while staying at the Bishop's castle of Schonwaldt, Quentin sent a valet to Louis to announce the safe arrival of the ladies at Liege. He then received a visit from Hayraddin, whom he upbraided with his intended treachery, but paid him ten crowns of gold for his services as guide. Feeling dejected at being separated from Isabelle, he resolved to visit Liege, which was only about a mile from Schonwaldt. In a few minutes he was within the walls of the city, "then one of the richest in Flanders, and of course in the world."]

CHAPTER XIII

THE lofty houses ; the stately, though narrow and gloomy, streets ; the splendid display of the richest goods and most
5 gorgeous armour in the warehouses and shops around ; the walks crowded by busy citizens of every description ; the huge wains, which transported to and fro the subjects of export and import—all these objects combined to form an engrossing picture of wealth, bustle, and splendour, to
10 which Quentin had been hitherto a stranger. He admired also the various streams and canals drawn from and communicating with the Maes, which, traversing the city in various directions, offered to every quarter the commercial facilities of water-carriage ; and he failed not to hear a
15 mass in the venerable old church of St. Lambert, said to have been founded in the 8th century.

It was upon leaving this place of worship that Quentin began to observe that he, who had been hitherto gazing on all around him with the eagerness of unrestrained curiosity, was himself the object of attention to several groups of substantial-looking burghers.

5

At length he formed the centre of a considerable crowd, which yet yielded before him while he continued to move forward; while those who followed or kept pace with him studiously avoided pressing on him or impeding his motions. Yet his situation was too embarrassing 10 to be long endured, without making some attempt to extricate himself, and to obtain some explanation.

Quentin looked around him, and fixing upon a jolly, stout-made, respectable man, whom, by his velvet cloak and gold chain, he concluded to be a burgher of eminence, 15 and perhaps a magistrate, he asked him, "Whether he saw anything particular in his appearance, to attract public attention in a degree so unusual? or whether it was the ordinary custom of the people of Liege thus to throng around strangers who chanced to visit their city?" 20

"Surely not, good seignior," answered the burgher; "the Liegeois are neither so idly curious as to practise such a custom, nor is there anything in your dress or appearance, saving that which is most welcome to this city, and which our townsmen are delighted to see and 25 desirous to honour."

"This sounds very polite, worthy sir," said Quentin; "but, by the cross of St. Andrew, I cannot even guess at your meaning."

"Your oath, sir," answered the merchant of Liege, "as 30 well as your accent, convinces me that we are right in our conjecture."

"On my life," said Quentin, "you are under some delusion."

"Nay, we question you not," said the burgher; "although, hark ye—I say, hark in your ear—my name is Pavillon."

"And what is my business with that, Seignior Pavillon?" said Quentin.

"Nay, nothing; only methinks it might satisfy you that I am trustworthy. Here is my colleague, Rouslaer, too."

"I have no news for any of you," said Quentin, impatiently; "and I only desire of you, as men of account and respectability, to disperse this idle crowd, and allow a stranger to leave your town as quietly as he came into it."

"Nay, then, sir," said Rouslaer, "since you stand so much on your incognito, and with us, too, who are men of confidence, let us ask you roundly, wherefore wear you the badge of your company if you would remain unknown in Liege?"

"What badge and what order?" said Quentin. "You look like reverend men and grave citizens, yet, on my soul, you are either mad yourselves or desire to drive me so."

"Sapperment!" said the other burgher, "this youth would make St. Lambert swear! Why, who wear bonnets with the St. Andrew's cross and *fleur-de-lys* save the Scottish Archers of King Louis's Guards?"

"And supposing I am an archer of the Scottish Guard, why should you make a wonder of my wearing the badge of my company?" said Quentin, impatiently.

"He has avowed it—he has avowed it!" said Rouslaer and Pavillon, turning to the assembled burghers in attitudes of congratulation, with waving arms, extended palms, and large round faces radiating with glee. "He hath avowed himself an archer of Louis's Guard—of Louis, the guardian of the liberties of Liege!"

A general shout and a cry now rose from the multitude, in which were mingled the various sounds of "Long live Louis of France! Long live the Scottish Guard! Long live the valiant archer! Our liberties, our privileges, or death! No imposts! Long live the valiant Boar of 5 Ardennes! Down with Charles of Burgundy! and confusion to Bourbon and his bishopric!"

He had forgotten that, after his skirmish with Orleans and Dunois, one of his comrades had, at Lord Crawford's command, replaced the morion, cloven by the sword of the 10 latter, with one of the steel-lined bonnets which formed a part of the proper and well-known equipment of the Scotch Guards. That an individual of this body, which was always kept very close to Louis's person, should have appeared in the streets of a city whose civil discontents 15 had been aggravated by the agents of the King, was naturally enough interpreted by the burghers of Liege into a determination on the part of Louis openly to assist their cause.

To remove a conviction so generally adopted, Quentin 20 easily saw was impossible. He therefore hastily resolved to temporise, and to get free the best way he could; and this resolution he formed while they were in the act of conducting him to the *stadt-house*, where the notables of the town were fast assembling, in order to hear the tidings 25 which he was presumed to have brought, and to regale him with a splendid banquet.

In this dilemma, Quentin appealed to Rouslaer, who held one arm, and to Pavillon, who had secured the other, and who were conducting him forward at the head of the 30 ovation of which he had so unexpectedly become the principal object. He hastily acquainted them "with his having thoughtlessly adopted the bonnet of the Scottish Guard, on an accident having occurred to the head-piece

in which he had proposed to travel; he regretted that, owing to this circumstance and the sharp wit with which the Liegeois drew the natural inference of his quality and the purpose of his visit, these things had been publicly
5 discovered; and he intimated that, if just now conducted to the *stadt-house*, he might unhappily feel himself under the necessity of communicating to the assembled notables certain matters which he was directed by the King to reserve for the private ears of his excellent gossips,
10 Meinherres Rouslaer and Pavillon of Liege."

This last hint operated like magic on the two citizens, who were the most distinguished leaders of the insurgent burghers, and were, like all demagogues of their kind, desirous to keep everything within their own manage-
15 ment, so far as possible. They therefore hastily agreed that Quentin should leave the town for the time, and return by night to Liege, and converse with them privately in the house of Rouslaer, near the gate opposite to Schonwaldt.

20 Almost immediately after this, the progress of the multitude brought them opposite to the door of Pavillon's house, in one of the principal streets, but which communicated from behind with the Maes by means of a garden, as well as an extensive manufactory of tan-pits and other
25 conveniences for dressing hides; for the patriotic burgher was a felt-dresser, or currier.

It was natural that Pavillon should desire to do the honours of his dwelling to the supposed envoy of Louis, and a halt before his house excited no surprise on the
30 part of the multitude, who, on the contrary, greeted Meinherres Pavillon with a loud *vivat* as he ushered in his distinguished guest. Quentin speedily laid aside his remarkable bonnet for the cap of a felt-maker, and flung a cloak over his other apparel. Pavillon then furnished

him with a passport to pass the gates of the city, and to return by night or day as should suit his convenience; and, lastly, committed him to the charge of his daughter, a fair and smiling Flemish lass, with instructions how he was to be disposed of, while he himself hastened back to his colleague to amuse their friends at the *stadt-house* with the best excuses they could invent for the disappearance of King Louis's envoy. 5

The worthy burgess was no sooner gone than his plump daughter, Trudchen, with many a blush and many a wreathed smile, which suited very prettily with lips like cherries, laughing blue eyes, and a skin transparently pure, escorted the handsome stranger through the pleached alleys of Pavillon's garden, down to the water-side, and there saw him fairly embarked in a boat, which two stout Flemings, in their trunk-hose, fur caps, and many-buttoned jerkins, had got in readiness with as much haste as their Low-Country nature would permit. 15

While the boat was rowed up the sluggish waters of the Maes, and passed the defences of the town, Quentin had time enough to reflect what account he ought to give of his adventure in Liege, when he returned to the bishop's palace of Schonwaldt; and disdaining alike to betray any person who had reposed confidence in him, although by misapprehension, or to conceal from the hospitable prelate the mutinous state of his capital, he resolved to confine himself to so general an account as might put the bishop upon his guard, while it should point out no individual to his vengeance. 20 25

[On the fourth night after Quentin's arrival at Schonwaldt he was awakened in his room by a great noise. Hayraddin then entered his room, told him that the Liegeois, led by William de la

Marck, were in rebellion against the prince-bishop and were storming the castle, and that if he wished to save the lady who was so dear to him he must make all haste. Led by Hayraddin, Quentin reached the outside of the building, and there the two men were joined by two women muffled in thick veils. The four crossed the moat, when Quentin discovered that the two ladies were Lady Hameline and the gipsy maid, Marthon, who had accompanied the countesses in the journey from Plessis-lès-Tours. Hayraddin had foolishly supposed that Quentin was in love with Lady Hameline as he wore her scarf on his arm. Quentin rushed back to the castle to save Lady Isabelle, for the surprised garrison was beginning to waver. On reaching a turret door he found Pavillon, the syndic of Liege, lying helpless. After assisting the magistrate, whose gratitude he thought might be useful, he continued his search for Isabelle, followed by Pavillon.]

CHAPTER XIV

DURWARD at length forced his way, almost headlong, into a small oratory, where a female figure, which had been kneeling in agonising supplication before the holy image, now sunk at length on the floor, under the new terrors
5 implied in the approaching tumult. He hastily raised her from the ground, and, joy of joys! it was she whom he sought to save—the Countess Isabelle. He pressed her to his bosom—he conjured her to awake—entreated her to be of good cheer—for that she was now under the
10 protection of one who had heart and hand enough to defend her against armies.

“Durward!” she said, as she at length collected herself, “is it indeed you? Then there is some hope left.

I thought all living and mortal friends had left me to my fate! Do not again abandon me!"

"Never—never!" said Durward. "Whatever shall happen—whatever danger shall approach, may I forfeit the benefits purchased by yonder blessed sign, if I be not the sharer of your fate until it is again a happy one!"

"Very pathetic and touching, truly," said a rough, broken, asthmatic voice behind. "A love affair, I see; and, from my soul, I pity the tender creature, as if she were my own Trudchen." 10

"You must do more than pity us," said Quentin, turning towards the speaker; "you must assist in protecting us, Meinherr Pavillon. Be assured this lady was put under my especial charge by your ally the King of France; and, if you aid me not to shelter her from every species of offence and violence, your city will lose the favour of Louis of Valois. Above all, she must be guarded from the hands of William de la Marck."

The same warmth of temper, which rendered Hermann Pavillon a hot-headed and intemperate zealot in politics, had the more desirable consequence of making him, in private, a good-tempered, kind-hearted man, who, if sometimes a little misled by vanity, was always well-meaning and benevolent. He told Quentin to have an especial care of the poor pretty *jungfrau*; and, after this unnecessary exhortation, began to halloo from the window, "Liege—Liege, for the gallant skinnners' guild of curriers!" 25

One or two of his immediate followers collected at the summons, and at the peculiar whistle with which it was accompanied, and, more joining them, established a guard under the window from which their leader was bawling, and before the postern-door. Peter Geislaer, Pavillon's lieutenant, also appeared. 30

"I tell you, Master Pavillon," said Peterkin, "that this

Boar, or Bear, is like to make his own den of Schonwaldt, and 'tis probable to turn out as bad a neighbour to our town as ever was the old bishop and worse. Here has he taken the whole conquest in his own hand, and is only
5 doubting whether he should be called prince or bishop; and it is a shame to see how they have mishandled the old man among them."

"I will not permit it, Peterkin," said Pavillon, bustling up; "I disliked the mitre, but not the head that wore it.
10 We are ten to one in the field, Peterkin, and will not permit these courses."

"Ay, ten to one in the field, but only man to man in the castle; besides that Nikkel Blok, the butcher, and all the rabble of the suburbs, take part with William de la
15 Marck, partly for *saus* and *braus*, for he had broached all the ale-tubs and wine-casks, and partly for old envy towards us, who are the craftsmen, and have privileges."

"Peter," said Pavillon, "we will go presently to the city. I will stay no longer in Schonwaldt."

20 "But the bridges of this castle are up, master," said Geislaer; "the gates locked, and guarded by these lanzknechts; and, if we were to try to force our way, these fellows, whose everyday business is war, might make wild work of us, that only fight of a holyday."

25 "But why has he secured the gates?" said the alarmed burgher; "or what business hath he to make honest men prisoners?"

"I cannot tell—not I," said Peter. "Some noise there is about the Ladies of Croye, who have escaped
30 during the storm of the castle."

The burgomaster cast a disconsolate look towards Quentin, and seemed at a loss what to resolve upon. Durward, who had not lost a word of the conversation, which alarmed him very much, saw nevertheless that

their only safety depended on his preserving his own presence of mind, and sustaining the courage of Pavillon. He struck boldly into the conversation, as one who had a right to have a voice in the deliberation. "I am ashamed," he said, "Meinherr Pavillon, to observe you 5 hesitate what to do on this occasion. Go boldly to William de la Marck, and demand free leave to quit the castle, you, your lieutenant, your squire, and your daughter. He can have no pretence for keeping you prisoner."

"For me and my lieutenant—that is myself and Peter—good; but who is my squire?" 10

"I am, for the present," replied the undaunted Scot.

"Good—my squire. But you spoke of my daughter; my daughter is, I trust, safe in my house in Liege— 15 where I wish her father was, with all my heart and soul."

"This lady," said Durward, "will call you father while we are in this place."

"And for my whole life afterwards," said the countess, throwing herself at the citizen's feet and clasping his 20 knees. "Never shall the day pass in which I will not honour you, love you, and pray for you as a daughter for a father, if you will but aid me in this fearful strait."

"She *shall* be my daughter, then," said Pavillon, "well wrapped up in her black silk veil; and if there are 25 not enough of true-hearted skimmers to protect her, being the daughter of their syndic, it were pity they should ever tug leather more. But hark ye, questions must be answered. How if I am asked what should my daughter make here at such an onslaught?" 30

"What should half the women in Liege make here when they followed us to the castle?" said Peter; "they had no other reason, sure, but that it was just the place in the world that they should *not* have come to. Our

jungfrau Trudchen has come a little farther than the rest, that is all."

"Admirably spoken," said Quentin: "only be bold, and take this gentleman's good counsel, noble *Meinherr* 5 Pavillon, and, at no trouble to yourself, you will do the most worthy action since the days of Charlemagne. Here, sweet lady, wrap yourself close in this veil," for many articles of female apparel lay scattered about the apartment; "be but confident, and a few minutes will 10 place you in freedom and safety. Noble sir," he added, addressing Pavillon, "set forward."

As they crossed the courts, still strewn with the dying and dead, Quentin, while he supported Isabelle through the scene of horrors, whispered to her courage 15 and comfort, and reminded her that her safety depended entirely on her firmness and presence of mind.

"Not on mine—not on mine," she said, "but on yours—on yours only! Oh, if I but escape this fearful night, never shall I forget him who saved me!"

20 Leaning on her youthful protector, she entered the fearful hall, preceded by Pavillon and his lieutenant, and followed by a dozen of the *kürschnerschaft* or skinner's trade, who attended as a guard of honour on the syndic.

CHAPTER XV

At the head of the table in the castle-hall of Schonwaldt 25 there sat, in the bishop's throne and state, which had been hastily brought thither from his great council-chamber,

the redoubted Boar of Ardennes himself, well deserving that dreaded name, in which he affected to delight, and which he did as much as he could think of to deserve. His head was unhelmeted, but he wore the rest of his ponderous and bright armour, which indeed he rarely laid 5 aside. Over his shoulders hung a strong surcoat, made of the dressed skin of a huge wild boar, the hoofs being of solid silver and the tusks of the same.

The soldiers and officers sat around the table, intermixed with the men of Liege, some of them of the very 10 lowest description; among whom Nikkel Blok, the butcher, placed near De la Marck himself, was distinguished by his tucked-up sleeves, which displayed arms smeared to the elbows with blood, as was the cleaver which lay on the table before him. 15

The preparations for the feast had been as disorderly as the quality of the company. The whole of the bishop's plate—nay, even that belonging to the service of the church, for the Boar of Ardennes regarded not the imputation of sacrilege—was mingled with blackjacks, or huge 20 tankards made of leather, and drinking-horns of the most ordinary description.

When the syndic Pavillon was announced from mouth to mouth in this tumultuous meeting, he endeavoured to assume in right of his authority and 25 influence, an air of importance and equality, which a glance at the wild scene around him, rendered it very difficult for him to sustain, notwithstanding the exhortations of Peter, who whispered in his ear, with some perturbation, "Up heart, master, or we are but 30 gone men!"

The syndic maintained his dignity, however, as well as he could, in a short address, in which he complimented the company upon the great victory gained

by the soldiers of De la Marck and the good citizens of Liege.

"Ay," answered De la Marck, sarcastically, "we have brought down the game at last, quoth my lady's brach to
5 the wolf-hound. But ho! sir burgomaster, you come like Mars, with beauty by your side. Who is this fair one? Unveil—unveil!"

"It is my daughter, noble leader," answered Pavillon;
"and I am to pray your forgiveness for her wearing a
10 veil. She has a vow for that effect to the Three Blessed Kings."

"I will absolve her of it presently," said De la Marck;
"for here, with one stroke of a cleaver, will I consecrate
myself Bishop of Liege; and I trust one living bishop is
15 worth three dead kings. Bring in our predecessor in the holy seat."

A bustle took place in the hall, while Pavillon, excusing himself from the proffered seat of honour, placed himself near the bottom of the table, his followers keeping
20 close behind him, not unlike a flock of sheep which, when a stranger dog is in presence, may be sometimes seen to assemble in the rear of an old belwether, who is, from office and authority, judged by them to have rather more courage than themselves. Near the spot sat a very hand-
25 some lad, a son, as was said, of the ferocious De la Marck, and towards whom he sometimes showed affection, and even tenderness. Quentin, who had learned this point of the leader's character from the old priest, planted himself as close as he could to the youth in question;
30 determined to make him, in some way or other, either a hostage or a protector, should other means of safety fail them.

While all stood in a kind of suspense, the Bishop of Liege, Louis of Bourbon, was dragged into the hall of his

own palace by the brutal soldiery. The dishevelled state of his hair, beard, and attire bore witness to the ill treatment he had already received; and some of his sacerdotal robes, hastily flung over him, appeared to have been put on in scorn and ridicule of his quality and character. 5

The scene which followed was short and fearful. When the unhappy prelate was brought before the footstool of the savage leader, although in former life only remarkable for his easy and good-natured temper, he showed in this extremity a sense of his dignity and noble 10 blood, well becoming the high race from which he was descended. "Louis of Bourbon," said the truculent soldier, "I sought your friendship, and you rejected mine. What would you now give that it had been otherwise? Nikkel, be ready!" 15

The butcher rose, seized his weapon, and stealing round behind De la Marck's chair, stood with it uplifted in his bare and sinewy arms.

"Look at that man, Louis of Bourbon," said De la Marck again; "what terms wilt thou now offer to escape 20 this dangerous hour?"

"Thy crimes are great," said the bishop, and with calm determination; "now hear the terms which, as a merciful prince and a Christian prelate, setting aside all personal offence, forgiving each peculiar injury, I condescend to 25 offer. Fling down thy leading-staff, renounce thy command, unbind thy prisoners, restore thy spoil, distribute what else thou hast of goods to relieve those whom thou hast made orphans and widows, array thyself in sackcloth and ashes, take a palmer's staff in thy hand, and go bare- 30 footed on pilgrimage to Rome, and we will ourselves be intercessors for thee with the Imperial Chamber at Ratisbon for thy life, with our Holy Father the Pope for thy miserable soul."

While Louis of Bourbon proposed these terms in a tone as decided as if he still occupied his episcopal throne, and as if the usurper kneeled a suppliant at his feet, the tyrant slowly raised himself in his chair, the amazement with
5 which he was at first filled giving way gradually to rage, until, as the bishop ceased, he looked to Nikkel Blok, and raised his finger, without speaking a word. The ruffian struck, as if he had been doing his office in the common shambles, and the murdered bishop sunk, without a groan,
10 at the foot of his own episcopal throne. The Liegeois, who were not prepared for so horrible a catastrophe, and who had expected to hear the conference end in some terms of accommodation, started up unanimously, with cries of execration, mingled with shouts of vengeance.

15 But William de la Marck, raising his tremendous voice above the tumult, and shaking his clenched hand and extended arm, shouted aloud, "How now, ye porkers of Liege! ye wallowers in the mud of the Maes! do ye dare to mate yourselves with the Wild Boar of Ardennes? Up,
20 ye Boar's brood! (an expression by which he himself and others often designated his soldiers), let these Flemish hogs see your tusks!"

Every one of his followers started up at the command, and mingled as they were among their late allies, prepared
25 too for such a surprisal, each had, in an instant, his next neighbour by the collar, while his right hand brandished a broad dagger that glimmered against lamplight and moonshine. Every arm was uplifted, but no one struck; for the victims were too much surprised for resistance, and it
30 was probably the object of De la Marck only to impose terror on his civic confederates.

But the courage of Quentin Durward, prompt and alert in resolution beyond his years, and stimulated at the moment by all that could add energy to his natural

shrewdness and resolution, gave a new turn to the scene. Imitating the action of the followers of De la Marck, he sprung on Carl Eberson, the son of their leader, and mastering him with ease, held his dirk at the boy's throat, while he exclaimed, "Is that your game? then here I 5 play my part."

"Hold! hold!" exclaimed De la Marck, "it is a jest—a jest. Think you I would injure my good friends and allies of the city of Liege? Soldiers, unloose your holds; sit down; take away the carrion (giving the bishop's 10 corpse a thrust with his foot), which hath caused this strife among friends, and let us drown unkindness in a fresh carouse."

All unloosened their holds, and the citizens and soldiers stood gazing on each other, as if they scarce knew 15 whether they were friends or foes.

Quentin Durward took advantage of the moment. "Hear me," he said, "William de la Marck, and you, burghers and citizens of Liege; and do you, young sir, stand still," for the boy Carl was attempting to escape 20 from his gripe, "no harm shall befall you, unless another of these sharp jests shall pass round."

"Who art thou, in the fiend's name," said the astonished De la Marck, "who art come to hold terms and take hostages from us in our own lair—from us, who exact 25 pledges from others, but yield them to no one?"

"I am a servant of King Louis of France," said Quentin boldly; "an archer of the Scottish Guard, as my language and dress may partly tell you. The hosts of Charles of Burgundy will be instantly in motion against you all; 30 and if you wish assistance from France, you must conduct yourselves in a different manner."

"France and Liege! France and Liege!" cried the followers of Pavillon, and several other citizens, whose

courage began to rise at the bold language held by Quentin.

"France and Liege, and long live the gallant archer! We will live and die with him!"

5 William de la Marck's eyes sparkled, and he grasped his dagger as if about to launch it at the heart of the audacious speaker; but glancing his eye round, he read something in the looks of his soldiers, which even *he* was obliged to respect. Many of them were Frenchmen, and
10 all of them knew the private support which William had received, both in men and in money, from that kingdom; nay, some of them were rather startled at the violent and sacrilegious action which had been just committed. The name of Charles of Burgundy, a person likely to resent
15 to the utmost the deeds of that night, had an alarming sound, and the extreme impolicy of at once quarrelling with the Liegeois and provoking the monarch of France, made an appalling impression on their minds, confused as their intellects were. De la Marck, in short, saw he
20 would not be supported, even by his own band, in any farther act of immediate violence, and declared that "he had not the least design against his good friends of Liege, all of whom were at liberty to depart from Schonwaldt at their pleasure. Meantime he trusted that the Scottish
25 gentleman would honour his feast by remaining all night at Schonwaldt."

The young Scot returned his thanks, but said his motions must be determined by those of Pavillon, to whom he was directed particularly to attach himself; but
30 that, unquestionably, he would attend him on his next return to the quarters of the valiant William de la Marck.

"Keep close about me, my brisk *kürschner* lads," said Pavillon to his body-guard, "and we will get as fast as we can out of this den of thieves."

[When Pavillon and his fellow citizens, along with Durward and Isabelle, left De la Marck and his revellers at the feast in Schonwaldt castle, they hastily returned to Liege. Pavillon took the Countess and Durward to his house, handing over Isabelle to the care of his daughter Gertrude (Trudchen). Knowing that their escape would be discovered, Isabelle determined in the morning to return to the Duke of Burgundy at Péronne, and to appeal to his mercy. Accordingly the next morning, Isabelle, disguised as a Flemish maiden, and Durward, disguised as a Flemish peasant, set out, Hans Glover, the lover of Gertrude, accompanying them as guide. Quentin related to Isabelle what had become of her aunt. During the afternoon they noticed that they were being pursued by some of De la Marck's soldiers, but they were saved from these by falling in with a body of men under Count Crèvecœur. These put De la Marck's men to flight, and Isabelle at once surrendered to Crèvecœur, and appealed for his protection. Hans Glover was allowed to return, Isabelle giving him a string of pearls for Gertrude. Quentin was sharply questioned by Crèvecœur as to how he came to be Lady Isabelle's companion and protector.]

CHAPTER XVI

"COUNT OF CRÈVECŒUR," said Quentin Durward, "if I answer questions which are asked in a tone approaching towards insult, it is only lest injurious inferences should be drawn from my silence respecting one to whom we are both obliged to render justice. I have acted as escort 5 to the Lady Isabelle since she left France to retire into Flanders."

"Ho! ho!" said the count; "and that is to say, since she fled from Plessis-lès-Tours? You, an archer of the Scottish Guard, accompanied her, of course, by the express orders of King Louis?"

5 However little Quentin thought himself indebted to the King of France, who, in contriving the surprisal of the Countess Isabelle by William de la Marck, had probably calculated on the young Scotchman being slain in her defence, he did not yet conceive himself at liberty to
10 betray any trust which Louis had reposed, or had seemed to repose, in him, and therefore replied to Count Crève-cœur's inference, "That it was sufficient for him to have the authority of his superior officer for what he had done, and he inquired no farther."

15 "It is quite sufficient," said the count. "We know the King does not permit his officers to send the archers of his Guard to prance like paladins by the bridle-rein of wandering ladies, unless he hath some politic purpose to serve. It will be difficult for King Louis to continue
20 to aver so boldly that he knew not of the Ladies of Croye's having escaped from France, since they were escorted by one of his own life-guard. And whither, sir archer, was your retreat directed?"

25 "To Liege, my lord," answered the Scot; "where the ladies desired to be placed under the protection of the late bishop."

30 "The *late* bishop!" exclaimed the Count of Crève-cœur; "is Louis of Bourbon dead? Not a word of his illness had reached the Duke. Of what did he die?"

"He sleeps in a bloody grave, my lord—that is, if his murderers have conferred one on his remains."

"Murdered!" exclaimed Crève-cœur again. "Holy Mother of Heaven! Young man, it is impossible!"

"I saw the deed done with my own eyes, and many an act of horror besides."

"Saw it, and made not in to help the good prelate!" exclaimed the count, "or to raise the castle against his murderers? Know'st thou not, that even to look on such a deed, without resisting it, is profane sacrilege?"

"To be brief, my lord," said Durward, "ere this act was done, the castle was stormed by the bloodthirsty William de la Marck, with help of the insurgent Liegeois."

"I am struck with thunder!" said Crèveccœur. "Liege in insurrection! Schonwaldt taken! The bishop murdered! Messenger of sorrow, never did one man unfold such a packet of woes! Speak—knew you of this assault—of this insurrection—of this murder? Speak—thou art one of Louis's trusted archers, and it is he that has aimed this painful arrow. Speak, or I will have thee torn with wild horses!"

"And if I *am* so torn, my lord, there can be nothing rent out of me that may not become a true Scottish gentleman. I know no more of these villainies than you—was so far from being partaker in them, that I would have withstood them to the uttermost, had my means, in a twentieth degree, equalled my inclination. But what could I do? they were hundreds and I but one. My only care was to rescue the Countess Isabelle, and in that I was happily successful."

"I believe thee, youth," said the count; "thou art neither of an age nor nature to be trusted with such bloody work, however well fitted to be the squire of dames. But, alas! for the kind and generous prelate, to be murdered on the hearth where he so often entertained the stranger with Christian charity and princely bounty; and that by a wretch—a monster—a portentous growth of blood and cruelty—bred up in the very hall where he

has imbrued his hands in his benefactor's blood! But I know not Charles of Burgundy—nay, I should doubt of the justice of Heaven—if vengeance be not as sharp, and sudden, and severe as this villainy has been unexampled
5 in atrocity. And, if no other shall pursue the murderer”—here he paused, grasped his sword, then quitting his bridle, struck both gauntleted hands upon his breast, until his corslet clattered, and finally held them up to Heaven, as he solemnly continued—“I—I, Philip Crèveœur of
10 Cordès, make a vow to God, St. Lambert, and the Three Kings of Cologne, that small shall be my thought of other earthly concerns till I take full revenge on the murderers of the good Louis of Bourbon.”

When the Count of Crèveœur had made his vow, his
15 mind seemed in some sort relieved from the overwhelming grief and astonishment with which he had heard the fatal tragedy that had been acted at Schonwaldt, and he proceeded to question Durward more minutely concerning the particulars of that disastrous affair.

20 “But those blind, unsteady, faithless, fickle beasts, the Liegeois,” said the count, “that they should have combined themselves with this inexorable robber and murderer to put to death their lawful prince!”

Durward here informed the enraged Burgundian that
25 the Liegeois, or at least the better class of them, however rashly they had run into the rebellion against their bishop, had no design, so far as appeared to him, to aid in the execrable deed of De la Marck; but, on the contrary, would have prevented it if they had had the means
30 and were struck with horror when they beheld it.

The Count of Crèveœur returned again and again to the subject—questioned him on every particular of the surprise of Schonwaldt, and the death of the bishop; and then suddenly, as if he had recollected something which

had escaped his memory, demanded what had become of the Lady Hameline, and why she was not with her kinswoman. "Not," he added contemptuously, "that I consider her absence as at all a loss to the Countess Isabelle; for, although she was her kinswoman, and upon the whole 5 a well-meaning woman, yet the court of Cocagne never produced such a fantastic fool; and I hold it for certain that her niece, whom I have always observed to be a modest and orderly young woman, was led into the absurd frolic of flying from Burgundy to France by that blunder- 10 ing, romantic, old match-making and match-seeking idiot."

Quentin said that he had heard a report, though a vague one, of the Lady Hameline having again fallen into the hands of William de la Marck.

"I trust in St. Lambert that he will marry her," said 15 Crèveœur; "as, indeed, he is likely enough to do, for the sake of her money-bags; and equally likely to knock her on the head so soon as these are either secured in his own grasp or, at farthest, emptied."

In the evening they reached the town of Charleroi, on 20 the Sambre, where the Count of Crèveœur had determined to leave the Countess Isabelle, whom the terror and fatigue of yesterday, joined to a flight of fifty miles since morning and the various distressing sensations by which it was accompanied, had made incapable of travelling farther, 25 with safety to her health. The count consigned her, in a state of great exhaustion, to the care of the abbess of the Cistercian convent in Charleroi.

Crèveœur himself only stopped to recommend the utmost caution to the governor of a small Burgundian 30 garrison who occupied the place, as he was determined himself to be the first who should carry the formidable news of the insurrection and the murder of the bishop, in all their horrible reality, to Duke Charles; and for that

purpose, having procured fresh horses for himself and suite, he mounted with the resolution of continuing his journey to Péronne without stopping for repose; and informing Quentin Durward that he must attend him, he
5 made, at the same time, a mock apology for parting fair company.

[Before reaching Péronne Count Crèvecœur learnt, to his great surprise, that King Louis had left Plessis-lès-Tours, and was approaching Péronne on a visit to the Duke of Burgundy, so that they might settle their differences at a personal interview. The King had with him a few of his Scottish Guards, and some of the chief members of his household. These latter included the Duke of Orleans, Count Dunois, Oliver le Dain, Tristan l'Hermite, and Galeotti. The astrologer had led the King to believe that his visit would be a success.]

CHAPTER XVII

CHARLES OF BURGUNDY, the most hasty and impatient, nay, the most imprudent, prince of his time, found himself, nevertheless, fettered within the magic circle which
10 prescribed the most profound deference to Louis, as his suzerain and liege lord, who had deigned to confer upon him, a vassal of the crown, the distinguished honour of a personal visit. Dressed in his ducal mantle, and attended by his great officers and principal knights and nobles, he
15 went in gallant cavalcade to receive Louis XI. His retinue absolutely blazed with gold and silver; for the

wealth of the court of England being exhausted by the wars of York and Lancaster, and the expenditure of France limited by the economy of the sovereign, that of Burgundy was for the time the most magnificent in Europe. The *cortège* of Louis, on the contrary, was few in number, and 5 comparatively mean in appearance, and the exterior of the King himself, in a thread-bare cloak, with his wonted old high-crowned hat stuck full of images, rendered the contrast yet more striking; and as the Duke, richly attired with the coronet and mantle of state, threw him- 10 self from his noble charger, and, kneeling on one knee, offered to hold the stirrup while Louis dismounted from his little ambling palfrey, the effect was almost grotesque.

The greeting between the two potentates was, of course, as full of affected kindness and compliment as 15 it was totally devoid of sincerity.

Both princes were happily able to preserve, during the period of a banquet at the town-house of Péronne, the same kind of conversation, on which they met as on a neutral ground, and which, as Louis easily perceived, was 20 more available than any other to keep the Duke of Burgundy in that state of composure which seemed necessary to his own safety.

Yet he was alarmed to observe that the Duke had around him several of those French nobles, and those of 25 the highest rank and in situations of great trust and power, whom his own severity or injustice had driven into exile; and it was to secure himself from the possible effects of their resentment and revenge that he requested to be lodged in the castle or citadel of Péronne rather 30 than in the town itself. This was readily granted by Duke Charles, with one of those grim smiles of which it was impossible to say whether it meant good or harm to the party whom it concerned.

But when the King, expressing himself with as much delicacy as he could, and in the manner he thought best qualified to lull suspicion asleep, asked whether the Scottish Archers of his Guard might not maintain the custody of the Castle of Péronne during his residence there, in lieu of the gate of the town which the Duke had offered to their care, Charles replied with his wonted sternness of voice and abruptness of manner, "St. Martin! No, my liege. You are in your vassal's camp and city—so men call me in respect to your Majesty—my castle and town are yours and my men are yours; so it is indifferent whether my men-at-arms or the Scottish Archers guard either the outer gate or defences of the castle. No, by St. George! Péronne is a virgin fortress; she shall not lose her reputation by any neglect of mine. Maidens must be carefully watched, my royal cousin, if we would have them continue to live in good fame."

At length a day closed which must have been a wearisome one to Louis, from the constant exertion, vigilance, precaution, and attention which his situation required, as it was a day of constraint to the Duke, from the necessity of suppressing the violent feelings to which he was in the habit of giving uncontrolled vent.

Louis was escorted to the lodgings he had chosen in the castle, or citadel, of Péronne by the chamberlains and harbingers of the Duke of Burgundy, and received at the entrance by a strong guard of archers and men-at-arms.

On the following morning after the King's arrival at Péronne, there was a general muster of the troops of the Duke of Burgundy, which were so numerous and so excellently appointed, that, perhaps, he was not sorry to have an opportunity of displaying them before his great rival. It must have added to Louis's mortification, that he recognised, as forming part of this host, many banners

of French nobility, who, from various causes of discontent, had joined and made common cause with the Duke of Burgundy.

True to his character, however, Louis seemed to take little notice of these malcontents, while, in fact, he was revolving in his mind the various means by which it might be possible to detach them from the banners of Burgundy and bring them back to his own, and resolved for that purpose, that he would cause those to whom he attached the greatest importance to be secretly sounded by Oliver and other agents.

He himself laboured diligently, but at the same time cautiously, to make interest with the Duke's chief officers and advisers, employing for that purpose the usual means of familiar and frequent notice, adroit flattery, and liberal presents ; not, as he represented, to alienate their faithful services from their noble master, but that they might lend their aid in preserving peace betwixt France and Burgundy—an end so excellent in itself, and so obviously tending to the welfare of both countries, and of the reigning princes of either.

CHAPTER XVIII

UPON returning to Péronne after a hunting party in the forest, King Louis found a banquet prepared with such a profusion of splendour and magnificence, as became the wealth of his formidable vassal, possessed as he was of almost all the Low Countries, then the richest portion of

Europe. At the head of the long board, which groaned under plate of gold and silver, filled to profusion with the most exquisite dainties, sat the Duke, and on his right hand, upon a seat more elevated than his own, was placed
5 his royal guest. Behind him stood on one side the son of the Duke of Gueldres, who officiated as his grand carver, on the other Le Glorieux, his jester, without whom he seldom stirred.

To this personage Charles, and Louis, in imitation of
10 his host, often addressed themselves during the entertainment; and both seemed to manifest, by hearty laughter, their amusement at the answers of Le Glorieux.

"Whose seats be those that are vacant?" said Charles to the jester.

15 "One of those at least should be mine by right of succession, Charles," replied Le Glorieux.

"Why so, knave?" said Charles.

"Because they belong to the Sieur D'Hymbercourt and Des Comines, who are gone so far to fly their falcons that
20 they have forgot their supper. They who would rather look at a kite on the wing than a pheasant on the board are of kin to the fool, and he should succeed to the stools, as a part of their movable estate."

"That is but a stale jest, my friend Tiel," said the
25 Duke; "but, fools or wise men, here come the defaulters."

As he spoke, Comines and D'Hymbercourt entered the room, and, after having made their reverence to the two princes, assumed in silence the seats which were left vacant for them.

30 "What ho! sirs," exclaimed the Duke, addressing them, "your sport has been either very good or very bad, to lead you so far and so late. Sir Philip des Comines, you are dejected; hath D'Hymbercourt won so heavy a wager on you? You are a philosopher, and should not

grieve at bad fortune. By St. George! D'Hymbercourt looks as sad as thou dost. How now, sirs? Have you found no game? or have you lost your falcons?"

But neither of the noblemen spoke.

"What means this silence, Messires?" said the Duke, 5 elevating his voice, which was naturally harsh.

"My gracious lord," said Des Comines, "as we were about to return hither from the forest, we met the Count of Crèvecœur."

"How!" said the Duke; "already returned from 10 Brabant? but he found all well there, doubtless?"

"The count himself will presently give your Grace an account of his news," said D'Hymbercourt, "which we have heard but imperfectly."

"Body of me, where is the count?" said the Duke. 15

"He changes his dress, to wait upon your Highness," answered D'Hymbercourt.

"His dress? *Saint-bleau!*" exclaimed the impatient prince, "what care I for his dress? I think you have conspired with him to drive me mad." 20

"Or rather, to be plain," said Des Comines, "he wishes to communicate these news at a private audience."

"*Teste-dieu!* my lord King," said Charles, "this is ever the way our counsellors serve us. If they have got hold of aught which they consider as important for our ear, 25 they look as grave upon the matter, and are as proud of their burden as an ass of a new pack-saddle. Some one bid Crèvecœur come to us directly! He comes from the frontiers of Liege, and *we*, at least (he laid some emphasis on the pronoun), have no secrets in that quarter which 30 we would shun to have proclaimed before the assembled world."

At length Crèvecœur entered, and was presently saluted by the hurried question of his master, "What

news from Liege and Brabant, sir count ? The report of your arrival has chased mirth from our table ; we hope your actual presence will bring it back to us."

"My liege and master," answered the count, in
5 a firm but melancholy tone, "the news which I bring you are fitter for the council-board than the feasting-table."

"Out with them, man, if they were tidings from Anti-christ !" said the Duke ; "but I can guess them : the
10 Liegeois are again in mutiny."

"They are, my lord," said Crèveœur, very gravely.

"Look there, man," said the Duke, "I have hit at once on what you have been so much afraid to mention to me : the harebrained burghers are again in arms. It could not
15 be in better time, for we may at present have the advice of our own suzerain," bowing to King Louis, with eyes which spoke the most bitter, though suppressed, resentment, "to teach us how such mutineers should be dealt with. Hast thou more news in thy packet ? Out with
20 them, and then answer for yourself why you went not forward to assist the bishop."

"My lord, the farther tidings are heavy for me to tell, and will be afflicting to you to hear. No aid of mine, or of living chivalry, could have availed the excellent prelate.
25 William de la Marck, united with the insurgent Liegeois, has taken his castle of Schonwaldt, and murdered him in his own hall."

"*Murdered him !*" repeated the Duke, in a deep and low tone, but which nevertheless was heard from the one
30 end of the hall in which they were assembled to the other ; "thou hast been imposed upon, Crèveœur, by some wild report ; it is impossible !"

"Alas, my lord !" said the count, "I have it from an eye-witness, an archer of the King of France's Scottish

Guard, who was in the hall when the murder was committed by William de la Marck's order."

"And who was doubtless aiding and abetting in the horrible sacrilege!" exclaimed the Duke, starting up and stamping with his foot with such fury, that he dashed in 5 pieces the footstool which was placed before him. "Bar the doors of this hall, gentlemen—secure the windows—let no stranger stir from his seat, upon pain of instant death! Gentlemen of my chamber, draw your swords." And turning upon Louis, he advanced his own hand slowly 10 and deliberately to the hilt of his weapon; while the King, without either showing fear or assuming a defensive posture, only said—

"These news, fair cousin, have staggered your reason!"

"No!" replied the Duke, in a terrible tone, "but they 15 have awakened a just resentment, which I have too long suffered to be stifled by trivial considerations of circumstance and place. Murderer of thy brother!—rebel against thy parent!—tyrant over thy subjects!—treacherous ally!—perjured king!—dishonoured gentleman!—thou art in 20 my power, and I thank God for it!"

The Duke still held his hand on the hilt of his sword, but refrained to draw his weapon, or strike a foe who offered no sort of resistance which could in anywise 25 provoke violence.

Meanwhile, wild and general confusion spread itself 30 through the hall. The doors were now fastened and guarded by order of the Duke; but several of the French nobles, few as they were in number, started from their seats, and prepared for the defence of their sovereign. The voice of Dunois was first heard above the tumult addressing himself to the Duke of Burgundy. "Sir Duke, you have forgotten that you are a vassal of France, and that we, your guests, are Frenchmen. If you lift a hand

against our monarch, prepare to sustain the utmost effects of our despair ; for, credit me, we shall feast as high with the blood of Burgundy as we have done with its wine. Courage, my Lord of Orleans ; and you, gentlemen of
5 France, form yourselves round Dunois, and do as he does !”

It was in that moment when a king might see upon what tempers he could certainly rely. The few independent nobles and knights who attended Louis, most of whom had only received from him frowns or discountenance,
10 unappalled by the display of infinitely superior force, and the certainty of destruction in case they came to blows, hastened to array themselves around Dunois, and, led by him, to press towards the head of the table where the contending princes were seated.

15 The first of the more generous party was the venerable Lord Crawford, who, with an agility which no one would have expected at his years, forced his way through all opposition, which was the less violent, as many of the Burgundians, either from a point of honour or a secret
20 inclination to prevent Louis’s impending fate, gave way to him, and threw himself boldly between the King and the Duke.

“ I have fought for his father and his grandsire,” that was all he said, “ and, by St. Andrew, end the matter as it
25 will, I will not fail him at this pinch !”

What has taken some time to narrate happened, in fact, with the speed of light ; for so soon as the Duke assumed his threatening posture, Crawford had thrown himself betwixt him and the object of his vengeance ; and
30 the French gentlemen, drawing together as fast as they could, were crowding to the same point.

The Duke of Burgundy still remained with his hand on his sword, and seemed in the act of giving the signal for a general onset, which must necessarily have ended in

the massacre of the weaker party, when Crèvecœur rushed forward and exclaimed, in a voice like a trumpet, "My liege Lord of Burgundy, beware what you do! This is *your* hall, you are the King's vassal; do not spill the blood of your guest on your hearth, the blood of your 5 sovereign on the throne you have erected for him, and to which he came under your safeguard. For the sake of your house's honour, do not attempt to revenge one horrid murder by another yet worse!"

"Out of my road, Crèvecœur," answered the Duke, 10 "and let my vengeance pass! Out of my path! The wrath of kings is to be dreaded like that of Heaven."

"Only when, like that of Heaven, it is *just*," answered Crèvecœur firmly. "Let me pray of you, my lord, to rein the violence of your temper, however justly offended. 15 And for you, my lords of France, where resistance is unavailing, let me recommend you to forbear whatever may lead towards bloodshed."

"He is right," said Louis, whose coolness forsook him not in that dreadful moment, and who easily foresaw that 20 if a brawl should commence, more violence would be dared and done in the heat of blood than was likely to be attempted if peace were preserved. "My cousin Orleans, kind Dunois—and you, my trusty Crawford—bring not on ruin and bloodshed by taking offence too hastily. Our 25 cousin the Duke is chafed at the tidings of the death of a near and loving friend, the venerable Bishop of Liege, whose slaughter we lament as he does. Ancient and, unhappily, recent subjects of jealousy lead him to suspect us of having abetted a crime which our bosom abhors. 30 Should our host murder us on this spot—us, his King and his kinsman, under a false impression of our being accessory to this unhappy accident, our fate will be little lightened, but, on the contrary, greatly aggravated, by

your stirring. Therefore, stand back, Crawford! Were it my last word, I speak as a king to his officer, and demand obedience. Stand back, and, if it is required, yield up your sword! I command you to do so, and your
5 oath obliges you to obey!"

"True—true, my lord," said Crawford, stepping back, and returning to the sheath the blade he had half drawn. "It may be all very true; but, by my honour, if I were at the head of threescore and ten of my brave fellows,
10 instead of being loaded with more than the like number of years, I would try whether I could have some reason out of these fine gallants, with their golden chains and looped-up bonnets.

The Duke stood with his eyes fixed on the ground for
15 a considerable space, and then said, with bitter irony, "Crèveœur, you say well; and it concerns our honour, that our obligations to this great King, our honoured and loving guest, be not so hastily adjusted, as in our hasty anger we had at first proposed. We will so act, that all
20 Europe shall acknowledge the justice of our proceedings. Gentlemen of France, you must render up your arms to my officers! Your master has broken the truce, and has no title to take farther benefit of it. In compassion, however, to your sentiments of honour, and in respect to
25 the rank which he hath disgraced, and the race from which he hath degenerated, we ask not our cousin Louis's sword."

"Not one of us," said Dunois, "will resign our weapon, or quit this hall, unless we are assured of at
30 least our King's safety, in life and limb."

"Nor will a man of the Scottish Guard," exclaimed Crawford, "lay down his arms, save at the command of the King of France, or his High Constable."

"Brave Dunois," said Louis, "and you, my trusty

Crawford, your zeal will do me injury instead of benefit. I trust," he added, with dignity, "in my rightful cause more than in a vain resistance, which would but cost the lives of my best and bravest. Give up your swords; the noble Burgundians who accept such honourable pledges 5 will be more able than you are to protect both you and me. Give up your swords! It is I who command you!"

It was thus that, in this dreadful emergency, Louis showed the promptitude of decision and clearness of judgment which alone could have saved his life. He was 10 aware that until actual blows were exchanged he should have the assistance of most of the nobles present to moderate the fury of their prince; but that, were a *mêlée* once commenced, he himself and his few adherents must be instantly murdered. At the same time, his worst 15 enemies confessed that his demeanour had in it nothing either of meanness or cowardice.

Crawford, at the King's command, threw his sword to Crèveœur, saying, "Take it, and the devil give you joy of it! It is no dishonour to the rightful owner who yields 20 it, for we have had no fair play."

"Hold, gentlemen!" said the Duke, in a broken voice, as one whom passion had almost deprived of utterance, "retain your swords; it is sufficient you promise not to use them. And you, Louis of Valois, must regard your- 25 self as my prisoner, until you are cleared of having abetted sacrilege and murder. Have him to the castle. Have him to Earl Herbert's Tower. Let him have six gentlemen of his train to attend him, such as he shall choose. My Lord of Crawford, your guard must leave the 30 castle, and shall be honourably quartered elsewhere. Up with every drawbridge, and down with every portcullis. Let the gates of the town be trebly guarded."

He started from the table in fierce and moody haste,

darted a glance of mortal enmity at the King, and rushed out of the apartment.

"Sirs," said the King, looking with dignity around him, "grief for the death of his ally hath made your
5 prince frantic. I trust you know better your duty, as knights and noblemen, than to abet him in his treasonable violence against the person of his liege lord."

At this moment was heard in the streets the sound of drums beating and horns blowing, to call out the soldiery
10 in every direction.

"We are," said Crèveccœur, who acted as the marshal of the Duke's household, "subjects of Burgundy, and must do our duty as such. Our hopes and prayers, and our efforts, will not be wanting to bring about peace
15 and union between your Majesty and our liege lord. Meantime, we must obey his commands. You have only to choose your attendants, whom the Duke's commands limit to six."

"Then," said the King, looking around him, and
20 thinking for a moment, 'I desire the attendance of Oliver le Dain, of a private of my Life Guard, called Balafré, who may be unarmed if you will, of Tristan l'Hermite, with two of his people, and my right loyal and trusty philosopher, Martius Galeotti."

"Your Majesty's will shall be complied with in all
25 points," said the Count de Crèveccœur.

[Shut up in Earl Herbert's Tower in the Castle of Péronne, King Louis spent a sad time. He vowed the death of Galeotti for misleading him. When the astrologer was brought before him, the King upbraided him and said that his pretended science was a fraud, as Quentin Durward's mission had proved a failure and he himself was in great danger. Galeotti asserted that all would

yet turn out well. In reply to a question as to whether his science enabled him to tell the time of his own death, Galeotti craftily replied that it would take place exactly twenty-four hours before that of the King. This reply led the King to let him depart unharmed. On the following day Louis was visited by Philip de Comines, a follower of the Duke of Burgundy, who advised the King to submit to various conditions that his master would enforce. These included taking part in the punishment of the rebels at Liege, and the consent of Louis to the marriage of the Duke of Orleans with Isabelle of Croye. He also informed the King of the reported marriage of Hameline to De la Marck. Meantime, Oliver le Dain, the King's barber minister, had been using influence in every quarter on behalf of the King. Through him a meeting was arranged between Lord Crawford and Durward. Quentin stated his cause of offence against the King, and announced his intention of resigning his position as an archer. He promised, however, that he would say nothing to the disadvantage of the King before the Duke. By Crawford's influence with Crèvecœur, Quentin obtained an interview with Lady Isabelle at a convent in Péronne to which she had been brought. He advised her, if questioned by the Duke, to speak only of what she positively knew, and not of what she only surmised. Though separated by a grating, Quentin contrived to give Isabelle a kiss on her lips as they parted. Crawford and Crèvecœur hurried him away just as the bell of the castle summoned the nobles to further investigation.]

CHAPTER XIX

At the first toll of the bell, which was to summon the great nobles of Burgundy together in council, with the very few French peers who could be present on the occasion, Duke Charles, followed by a part of his train, armed with partizans and battle-axes, entered the hall of Herbert's 5

Tower, in the Castle of Péronne. King Louis, who had expected the visit, arose and made two steps towards the Duke, and then remained standing with an air of dignity, which, in spite of the meanness of his dress and
5 the familiarity of his ordinary manners, he knew very well how to assume when he judged it necessary.

"I come," said the Duke, "to pray your Majesty to attend a high council, at which things of weight are to be deliberated upon concerning the welfare of France and
10 Burgundy. You will presently meet them—that is, if such be your pleasure——"

"Nay, my fair cousin," said the King, "never strain courtesy so far as to entreat what you may so boldly command. To council, since such is your Grace's
15 pleasure."

Marshaled by Toison d'Or, chief of the heralds of Burgundy, the princes left the Earl Herbert's Tower and entered the castle-yard, which Louis observed was filled with the Duke's body-guard and men-at-arms, splendidly
20 accoutred and drawn up in martial array. Crossing the court, they entered the council-hall, which was in a much more modern part of the building than that of which Louis had been the tenant. Two chairs of state were erected under the same canopy, that for the King being
25 raised two steps higher than the one which the Duke was to occupy; about twenty of the chief nobility sat, arranged in due order, on either hand of the chair of state.

Duke Charles, having bowed slightly to the royal chair, bluntly opened the sitting with the following
30 words:—

"My good vassals and counsellors, it is not unknown to you what disturbances have arisen in our territories, both in our father's time and in our own, from the rebellion of vassals against superiors, and subjects against

their princes. And lately we have had the most dreadful proof of the height to which these evils have arrived in our case by the scandalous flight of the Countess Isabelle of Croye, and her aunt the Lady Hameline, to take refuge with a foreign power; and in another more dreadful and deplorable instance, by the sacrilegious and bloody murder of our beloved brother and ally the Bishop of Liege, and the rebellion of that treacherous city, which was but too mildly punished for the last insurrection. We have been informed that these sad events may be traced not merely to the inconstancy and folly of women and the presumption of pampered citizens, but to the agency of foreign power, and the interference of a mighty neighbour, from whom, if good deeds could merit any return in kind, Burgundy could have expected nothing but the most sincere and devoted friendship. If this should prove truth," said the Duke, setting his teeth and pressing his heel against the ground, "what consideration shall withhold us, the means being in our power, from taking such measures as shall effectually, and at the very source, close up the main spring from which these evils have yearly flowed on us?"

The King addressed the council in his turn, in a tone evincing so much ease and composure that the Duke, though he seemed desirous to interrupt or stop him, found no decent opportunity to do so.

"Nobles of France and of Burgundy," he said, "knights of the Holy Spirit and of the Golden Fleece, since a king must plead his cause as an accused person, he cannot desire more distinguished judges than the flower of nobleness and muster and pride of chivalry. Our fair cousin of Burgundy hath but darkened the dispute between us in so far as his courtesy has declined to state it in precise terms. I crave leave to speak more precisely. It is to

us, my lords—to us, his liege lord, his kinsman, his ally—that unhappy circumstances, perverting our cousin's clear judgment and better nature, have induced him to apply the hateful charges of seducing his vassals from their allegiance, stirring up the people of Liege to revolt, and stimulating the outlawed William de la Marck to commit a most cruel and sacrilegious murder. Nobles of France and Burgundy, I might truly appeal to the circumstances in which I now stand as being in themselves a complete contradiction of such an accusation. The folly of one who should seat himself quietly down to repose on a mine, after he had lighted the match which was to cause instant explosion, would have been wisdom compared to mine. I have no doubt that, amongst the perpetrators of those horrible treasons at Schonwaldt, villains have been busy with my name; but am I to be answerable, who have given them no right to use it? If two silly women, disgusted on account of some romantic cause of displeasure, sought refuge at my court, does it follow that they did so by my direction? It will be found, when inquired into, that, since honour and chivalry forbade my sending them back prisoners to the court of Burgundy,—which, I think, gentlemen, no one who wears the collar of these orders would suggest,—that I came as nearly as possible to the same point by placing them in the hands of the venerable father in God, who is now a saint in Heaven.”

“My lord—my lord,” said Charles, breaking in so soon as the King paused, “for your being here at a time so unluckily coinciding with the execution of your projects, I can only account by supposing that those who make it their trade to impose on others do sometimes egregiously delude themselves. The engineer is sometimes killed by his own petard. For what is to follow, let it depend

on the event of this solemn inquiry. Bring hither the Countess Isabelle of Croye!"

As the young lady was introduced, supported on the one side by the Countess of Crèvecoeur, who had her husband's commands to that effect, and on the other by the abbess of the Ursuline convent, Charles exclaimed with his usual harshness of voice and manner, "Soh! sweet princess, what think you of the fair work you have made between two great princes and two mighty countries, that have been like to go to war for your baby face?"

With much pain, and not without several interruptions, Isabelle confessed that, being absolutely determined against a match proposed to her by the Duke of Burgundy, she had indulged the hope of obtaining protection of the court of France.

"And under protection of the French monarch," said Charles. "Of that, doubtless, you were well assured?"

"I did indeed so think myself assured," said the Countess Isabelle, "otherwise I had not taken a step so decided." Here Charles looked upon Louis with a smile of inexpressible bitterness, which the King supported with the utmost firmness, except that his lip grew something whiter than it was wont to be. "But my information concerning King Louis's intentions towards us," continued the countess, after a short pause, "was almost entirely derived from my unhappy aunt, the Lady Hameline, and her opinions were formed upon the assertions and insinuations of persons whom I have since discovered to be the vilest traitors and most faithless wretches in the world." She then stated, in brief terms, what she had since come to learn of the treachery of the Bohemians.

There was a pause while the countess had continued her story, which she prosecuted, though very briefly, from the time she left the territories of Burgundy, in company

with her aunt, until the storming of Schonwalddt, and her final surrender to the Count of Crèvecœur. "Yet I would know of King Louis," said the Duke, "wherefore he maintained these ladies at his court, had they not gone thither
5 by his own invitation."

"I did not so entertain them, fair cousin," answered the King. "Out of compassion, indeed, I received them in privacy, but took an early opportunity of placing them under the protection of the late excellent bishop, your
10 own ally, and who was—may God assoil him!—a better judge than I, or any secular prince, how to reconcile the protection due to fugitives with the duty which a king owes to his ally from whose dominions they have fled."

"So much was it otherwise than cordial," answered
15 the countess, "that it induced me, at least, to doubt how far it was possible that your Majesty should have actually given the invitation of which we had been assured by those who called themselves your agents; since it would have been hard to reconcile your Majesty's conduct with
20 that to be expected from a king, a knight, and a gentleman."

Burgundy then said abruptly to the countess, "Methinks, fair mistress, in this account of your wanderings, you have forgot all mention of certain love-passages.
25 Tell me, King Louis, were it not well, before this vagrant Helen of Troy, or of Croye, set more kings by the ears—were it not well to carve out a fitting match for her?"

King Louis, though conscious what ungrateful proposal was likely to be made next, gave a calm and silent assent
30 to what Charles said; but the countess herself was restored to courage by the very extremity of her situation. She quitted the arm of the Countess of Crèvecœur, came forward timidly, yet with an air of dignity, and, kneeling before the Duke's throne, thus addressed him: "Noble

Duke of Burgundy, and my liege lord, I acknowledge my fault in having withdrawn myself from your dominions without your gracious permission, and will most humbly acquiesce in any penalty you are pleased to impose. I place my lands and castles at your rightful disposal, and pray you only of your own bounty, and for the sake of my father's memory, to allow the last of the line of Croye, out of her large estate, such a moderate maintenance as may find her admission into a convent for the remainder of her life." 5

"The humble and lowly shall be exalted," said Charles. "Arise, Countess Isabelle; we mean better for you than you have devised for yourself. We mean neither to sequester your estates nor abase your honours, but, on the contrary, will add largely to both." 10

"Alas! my lord," said the countess, continuing on her knees, "it is even that well-meant goodness which I fear still more than your Grace's displeasure, since it compels me——" 15

"St. George of Burgundy!" said Duke Charles, "is our will to be thwarted, and our commands disputed, at every turn? Up, I say, minion, and withdraw for the present; when we have time to think of thee, we will so order matters that you shall either obey us or do worse!" 20

Quentin Durward was now summoned to appear, and presented himself before the King and Duke with that freedom, distant alike from bashful reserve and intrusive boldness, which becomes a youth at once well-born and well-nurtured. His uncle had furnished him with the means of again equipping himself in the arms and dress of an archer of the Scottish Guard, and his complexion, mien, and air suited in an uncommon degree his splendid appearance. At the command of the Duke, sanctioned 25 30

by that of Louis, Quentin commenced an account of his journey with the Ladies of Croye to the neighbourhood of Liege, premising a statement of King Louis's instructions, which were that he should escort them safely to the castle
5 of the bishop.

"And you obeyed my orders accordingly?" said the King.

"I did, sire," replied the Scot.

At the command of Duke Charles, Quentin produced
10 the written instructions which he had received for the direction of his journey.

"Did you follow these instructions literally, soldier?" said the Duke.

"No, if it please your Grace," replied Quentin.
15 "They directed me, as you may be pleased to observe, to cross the Maes near Namur; whereas I kept the left bank, as being both the nigher and the safer road to Liege."

"And wherefore that alteration?" said the Duke.

20 "Because I began to suspect the fidelity of my guide," answered Quentin.

"Now mark the questions I have next to ask thee," said the Duke. "Reply truly to them, and fear nothing from the resentment of any one."

25 A deep silence ensued. At length, having given the youth time, as he thought, to consider the circumstances in which he was placed, the Duke demanded to know of Durward who his guide was, by whom supplied, and wherefore he had been led to entertain suspicion of him?
30 To the first of these questions Quentin Durward answered by naming Hayraddin Maugrabin, the Bohemian; to the second, that the guide had been recommended by Tristan l'Hermite; and in reply to the third point, he mentioned what had happened in the Franciscan convent, near

Namur; how the Bohemian had been expelled from the holy house, and how, jealous of his behaviour, he had dogged him to a rendezvous with one of William de la Marek's lanzknechts, where he overheard them arrange a plan for surprising the ladies who were under his 5 protection.

"Now, hark thee," said the Duke, "and remember thy life depends on thy veracity, did these villains mention their having this King's—I mean this very King Louis of France's—authority for their scheme of surprising the 10 escort and carrying away the ladies?"

"If such infamous fellows had said so," replied Quentin, "I know not how I should have believed them, having the word of the King himself to place in opposition to theirs." 15

The Duke again looked disconcerted and moody; and, returning to the charge, questioned Quentin still more closely, whether he did not understand, from these men's private conversation, that the plots which they meditated had King Louis's sanction? 20

"I repeat that I heard nothing which could authorise me to say so," answered the young man, who, though internally convinced of the King's accession to the treachery of Hayraddin, yet held it contrary to his allegiance to bring forward his own suspicions on the subject; "and if I *had* 25 heard such men make such an assertion, I again say that I would not have given their testimony weight against the instructions of the King himself."

"Thou art a faithful messenger," said the Duke, with a sneer; "and I venture to say that, in obeying 30 the King's instructions, thou hast disappointed his expectations."

"I understand you not, my lord," said Quentin Durward; "all I know is, that my master King Louis sent

me to protect these ladies, and that I did so accordingly, to the extent of my ability, both in the journey to Schonwaldt and through the subsequent scenes which took place. I understood the instructions of the King to be
5 honourable, and I executed them honourably; had they been of a different tenor, they would not have suited one of my name and nation."

"*Fier comme un Écossois*," said Charles, who, however disappointed at the tenor of Durward's reply, was not
10 unjust enough to blame him for his boldness. "But hark thee, archer, what instructions were those which made thee, as some sad fugitives from Schonwaldt have informed us, parade the streets of Liege, at the head of those mutineers who afterwards cruelly murdered their temporal
15 prince and spiritual father? And what harangue was it which thou didst make after that murder was committed, in which you took upon you, as agent for Louis, to assume authority among the villains who had just perpetrated so great a crime?"

20 "My lord," said Quentin, "there are many who could testify that I assumed not the character of an envoy of France in the town of Liege, but had it fixed upon me by the obstinate clamours of the people themselves, who refused to give credit to any disclamation which I could
25 make. It is, no doubt, true that I did, in the extremity of danger, avail myself of the influence which my imputed character gave me, to save the Countess Isabelle, to protect my own life, and, so far as I could, to rein in the humour for slaughter, which had already broke out in so
30 dreadful an instance. I repeat, and will maintain it with my body, that I had no commission of any kind from the King of France respecting the people of Liege, far less instructions to instigate them to mutiny; and that, finally, when I did avail myself of that imputed character, it was

as if I had snatched up a shield to protect myself in a moment of emergency."

"And therein my young companion and prisoner," said Crèvecœur, unable any longer to remain silent, "acted with equal spirit and good sense; and his doing 5 so cannot justly be imputed as blame to King Louis."

There was a murmur of assent among the surrounding nobility which sounded joyfully in the ears of King Louis, whilst it gave no little offence to Charles. Des Comines, who foresaw danger, prevented it by suddenly announcing 10 a herald from the city of Liege.

"A herald from weavers and nailers?" exclaimed the Duke, "but admit him instantly. By Our Lady, I will learn from this same herald something further of his employers' hopes and projects than this young French- 15 Scottish man-at-arms seems desirous to tell me!"

[The herald of Liege was admitted to the presence of King Louis, the Duke of Burgundy, and the other members of the council. His coat was embroidered with the arms of his master, De la Marck. He declared that his name was Rouge Sanglier, that he was sent by De la Marck to announce that his master intended to assume the office of Prince Bishop of Liege, to require the Duke of Burgundy to deliver up Isabelle of Croye, and to set at liberty the King of France. Louis at once denounced De la Marck as a perjurer and murderer. Questioned by Toison d'Or, Rouge Sanglier failed to prove his qualifications as a herald. He could not, therefore, claim the privileges of a herald, and was condemned to be hunted by five large hounds. For the sake of giving the nobles sport, the false herald was allowed sixty yards start. The dogs soon overtook him, and began to tear him. They were, however, taken off that he might be executed otherwise. At this moment Oliver le Dain whispered to the King that it was the Bohemian, Hayraddin. Louis, therefore, declared that the false herald was a criminal from France, and requested Charles to allow him to

order his further punishment. Tristan l'Hermite stepped forth and led him away for execution. The action of Louis in denouncing the herald, and claiming him for execution, so pleased Charles of Burgundy that a more cordial feeling arose between the two monarchs.]

CHAPTER XX

IN consequence of the reconciliation the Burgundian guards were withdrawn from the Castle of Péronne, the abode of the King removed from the ominous Tower of Count Herbert, and, to the great joy both of French and
5 Burgundians, an outward show at least of confidence and friendship seemed so established between Duke Charles and his liege lord.

Meanwhile, as frequently happens in such cases, whilst the principal parties concerned had so far made up their
10 differences, one of the subaltern agents concerned in their intrigues was bitterly experiencing the truth of the political maxim, that if the great have frequent need of base tools, they make amends to society by abandoning them to their fate so soon as they find them no longer useful.

15 This was Hayraddin Maugrabin, who, surrendered by the Duke's officers to the King's provost-marshal, was by him placed in the hands of his two trusty aides-de-camp, Trois-Eschelles and Petit-André, to be despatched without loss of time. One on either side of him, and followed by
20 a few guards and a multitude of rabble, he was marched off to the neighbouring forest; where, to save all further

trouble and ceremonial of a gibbet and so forth, the disposers of his fate proposed to knit him up to the first sufficient tree.

They were not long in finding an oak, as Petit-André facetiously expressed it, fit to bear such an acorn; and 5 placing the wretched criminal on a bank, under a sufficient guard, they began their preparations for the final catastrophe. At that moment Hayraddin, gazing on the crowd, encountered the eyes of Quentin Durward, who, thinking he recognised the countenance of his faithless 10 guide in that of the detected impostor, had followed with the crowd to witness the execution, and assure himself of the identity.

When the executioners informed him that all was ready, Hayraddin, with much calmness, asked a single 15 boon at their hands.

"Anything, my son, consistent with our office," said Trois-Eschelles.

"I only pray to speak a few minutes with yonder archer of the Scottish Guard," said Hayraddin. 20

The executioners hesitated a moment; but Trois-Eschelles recollecting that Quentin Durward was believed, from various circumstances, to stand high in the favour of their master, King Louis, they resolved to permit the interview. 25

When Quentin, at their summons, approached the condemned criminal, he could not but be shocked at his appearance, however justly his doom might have been deserved. The remnants of his heraldic finery, rent to tatters by the fangs of the dogs, and the clutches of the 30 bipeds who had rescued him from their fury to lead him to the gallows, gave him at once a ludicrous and a wretched appearance. Yet, strong in passive courage, like most of his tribe, his eye, while it glistened and wandered, as

well as the contorted smile of his mouth, seemed to bid defiance to the death he was about to die.

Quentin was struck partly with horror, partly with compassion, as he approached the miserable man.

5 "I must speak with him in privacy," said the criminal, despair seeming to croak in his accent as he uttered the words.

"That may hardly consist with our office, my merry leap-the-ladder," said Petit-André; "we know you for a
10 slippery eel of old."

"I am tied with your horse-girths, hand and foot," said the criminal. "You may keep guard around me, though out of earshot; the archer is your own King's servant. And if I give you ten guilders——"

15 "Laid out in masses, the sum may profit his poor soul," said Trois-Eschelles.

"Laid out in wine or *brantwein*, it will comfort my poor body," responded Petit-André. "So let them be forthcoming, my little crack-rope."

20 "Pay the blood-hounds their fee," said Hayraddin to Durward; "I was plundered of every stiver when they took me; it shall avail thee much."

Quentin paid the executioners their guerdon, and, like men of promise, they retreated out of hearing—keeping,
25 however, a careful eye on the criminal's motions. After waiting an instant till the unhappy man should speak, as he still remained silent, Quentin at length addressed him, "And to this conclusion thou hast at length arrived?"

"Ay," answered Hayraddin, "it required neither astro-
30 loger, nor physiognomist, nor chiromantist, to foretell that I should follow the destiny of my family."

"Brought to this early end by thy long course of crime and treachery!" said the Scot.

"No, by the bright Aldebaran and all his brother

twinklers!" answered the Bohemian. "I am brought hither by my folly, in believing that the bloodthirsty cruelty of a Frank could be restrained even by what they themselves profess to hold most sacred."

"A detected impostor has no right to claim the immunities of the disguise he had usurped," said Durward.

"Detected!" said the Bohemian. "My jargon was as much to the purpose as yonder old fool of a herald's; but let it pass. As well now as hereafter."

"You abuse time," said Quentin. "If you have aught to tell me, say it quickly."

"I have a boon to ask," said Hayraddin, "but first I will buy it of you; for your tribe, with all their professions of charity, give nought for nought."

"I could well-nigh say, 'Thy gifts perish with thee,'" answered Quentin, "but that thou art on the very verge of eternity. Ask thy boon; reserve thy bounty, it can do me no good. I remember enough of your good offices of old."

"Why, I loved you," said Hayraddin, "for the matter that chanced on the banks of the Cher; and I would have helped you to a wealthy dame. You wore her scarf, which partly misled me; and indeed I thought that Hameline with her portable wealth, was more for your market-penny than the other hen-sparrow."

"Talk not so idly, unhappy man!" said Quentin; "yonder officers become impatient."

"Give them ten guilders for ten minutes more," said the culprit, who, like most in his situation, mixed with his hardihood a desire of procrastinating his fate; "I tell thee it shall avail thee much."

"Use then well the minutes so purchased," said Durward, and easily made a new bargain with the marshal's men.

This done, Hayraddin continued: "Yes, I assure you I meant you well; and Hameline would have proved an easy and convenient spouse. Why, she has reconciled herself even with the Boar of Ardennes, though his mode of wooing was somewhat of the roughest, and lords it yonder in his sty, as if she had fed on mast-husks and acorns all her life."

"Cease this brutal and untimely jesting," said Quentin, "or, once more I tell you, I will leave you to your fate!"

10 "You are right," said Hayraddin, after a moment's pause; "what cannot be postponed must be faced! Well, know then, I came hither in this accursed disguise, moved by a great reward from De la Marck, and hoping a yet mightier one from King Louis, not merely to bear the
15 message of defiance which you may have heard of, but to tell the King an important secret."

"It was a fearful risk," said Durward.

"It was paid for as such, and such it hath proved," answered the Bohemian. "But hear my secret, which is
20 important. William de la Marck has assembled a numerous and strong force within the city of Liege, and augments it daily by means of the old priest's treasures. But he proposes not to hazard a battle with the chivalry of Burgundy, and still less to stand a siege in the dis-
25 mantled town. This he will do: he will suffer the hot-brained Charles to sit down before the place without opposition, and in the night, make an outfall or sally upon the leaguer with his whole force. Many he will have in French armour, who will cry 'France,' 'St.
30 Louis,' and 'Denis Montjoye,' as if there were a strong body of French auxiliaries in the city. This cannot choose but strike utter confusion among the Burgundians; and if King Louis, with his guards, attendants, and such soldiers as he may have with him, shall second his efforts,

the Boar of Ardennes nothing doubts the discomfiture of the whole Burgundian army. There is my secret, and I bequeath it to you."

"It is indeed an important secret," said Quentin, instantly comprehending how easily the national jealousy 5 might be awakened in a camp consisting partly of French, partly of Burgundians.

"Ay, so it is," answered Hayraddin; "and, now you have it, you would fain begone, and leave me without granting the boon for which I have paid beforehand." 10

"Tell me thy request," said Quentin; "I will grant it if it be in my power."

"Nay, it is no mighty demand: it is only in behalf of poor Klepper, my palfrey, the only living thing that may miss me. A due mile south you will find him feeding by 15 a deserted collier's hut; whistle to him thus (he whistled a peculiar note), and call him by his name, Klepper, he will come to you; here is his bridle under my gaberдинe—it is lucky the hounds got it not, for he obeys no other. Take him, and make much of him, I do not say for his 20 master's sake, but because I have placed at your disposal the event of a mighty war. He will never fail you at need; night and day, rough and smooth, fair and foul, warm stables and the winter sky, are the same to Klepper; had I cleared the gates of Péronne, and got so far as where 25 I left him, I had not been in this case. Will you be kind to Klepper?"

"I swear to you that I will," answered Quentin, affected by what seemed a trait of tenderness in a character so hardened.

"Then fare thee well!" said the criminal. "Yet 30 stay—stay; I would not willingly die in discourtesy, forgetting a lady's commission. This billet is from the very gracious and extremely silly Lady of the Wild Boar

of Ardennes to her black-eyed niece—I see by your look I have chosen a willing messenger. And one word more—I forgot to say, that in the stuffing of my saddle you will find a rich purse of gold pieces, for the sake of which
5 I put my life on the venture which has cost me so dear. Take them, and replace a hundredfold the guilders you have bestowed on these bloody slaves. I make you mine heir.”

“I will bestow them in good works, and masses for
10 the benefit of thy soul,” said Quentin.

“Name not that word again,” said Hayraddin, his countenance assuming a dreadful expression; “there is—there can be—there shall be—no such thing! it is a dream of priestcraft!”

15 “Unhappy—most unhappy being! Think better! Let me speed for a priest; these men will delay yet a little longer, I will bribe them to it,” said Quentin. “What canst thou expect, dying in such opinions, and impenitent?”

20 “To be resolved into the elements,” said the hardened atheist, pressing his fettered arms against his bosom.

Deeply impressed with the horrors of his condition, Quentin Durward yet saw that it was vain to hope to awaken him to a sense of his fearful state. He bid him,
25 therefore, farewell; to which the criminal only replied by a short and sullen nod, as one who, plunged in reverie, bids adieu to company which distracts his thoughts. He bent his course towards the forest, and easily found where Klepper was feeding. The creature came at his call, but
30 was for some time unwilling to be caught, snuffing and starting when the stranger approached him. At length, however, Quentin’s general acquaintance with the habits of the animal, and perhaps some particular knowledge of those of Klepper, which he had often admired while

Hayraddin and he travelled together, enabled him to take possession of the Bohemian's dying bequest. Long ere he returned to Péronne, the Bohemian had gone where the vanity of his dreadful creed was to be put to the final issue—a fearful experience for one who had neither 5 expressed remorse for the past nor apprehension for the future!

CHAPTER XXI

KING LOUIS, who, after the interlude of De la Marck's envoy, had omitted no opportunity to cultivate the returning interest which that circumstance had given him 10 in the Duke's opinion, had been engaged in consulting him, or, it might be almost said, receiving his opinion, upon the number and quality of the troops, by whom, as auxiliary to the Duke of Burgundy, he was to be attended in their joint expedition against Liege. 15

Perhaps, by this prompt acquiescence, Louis hoped to evade the more unpleasing condition with which the Duke had clogged their reconciliation.

No sooner were the necessary expresses despatched to summon up the forces who were selected to act as auxili- 20 aries than Louis was called upon by his host to give public consent to the espousals of the Duke of Orleans and Isabelle of Croye. The King complied with a heavy sigh.

Not many minutes after the affair had been proposed, the Duke of Orleans and the Countess of Croye, the latter 25 attended, as on the previous occasion, by the Countess of

Crèvecoeur and the abbess of the Ursulines, were summoned to the presence of the princes, and heard from the mouth of Charles of Burgundy, unobjected to by that of Louis, who sat in silent and moody consciousness of diminished consequence, that the union of their hands was designed by the wisdom of both princes, to confirm the perpetual alliance which in future should take place betwixt France and Burgundy.

The Duke of Orleans had much difficulty in suppressing the joy which he felt upon the proposal.

Charles next turned to the young countess, and bluntly announced the proposed match to her, as a matter which neither admitted delay nor hesitation; adding, at the same time, that it was but a too favourable consequence of her intractability on a former occasion.

"My Lord Duke and Sovereign," said Isabelle, summoning up all her courage, "I observe your Grace's commands, and submit to them."

"Enough! enough!" said the Duke, interrupting her; "we will arrange the rest. Your Majesty," he continued, addressing King Louis, "hath had a boar's hunt in the morning; what say you to rousing a wolf in the afternoon?"

The young countess saw the necessity of decision. "Your Grace mistakes my meaning," she said, speaking, though timidly, yet loudly and decidedly enough to compel the Duke's attention. "My submission," she said, "only respected those lands and estates which your Grace's ancestors gave to mine, and which I resign to the house of Burgundy if my sovereign thinks my disobedience in this matter renders me unworthy to hold them."

"Ha! St. George!" said the Duke, stamping furiously on the ground, "does the fool know in what presence she is, and to whom she speaks?"

"My lord," she replied, still undismayed, "I am

before my suzerain, and, I trust, a just one. If you deprive me of my lands, you take away all that your ancestors' generosity gave, and you break the only bonds which attach us together. You gave not this poor and persecuted form, still less the spirit which animates me. 5 And these it is my purpose to dedicate to Heaven in the convent of the Ursulines, under the guidance of this holy mother abbess."

The rage and astonishment of the Duke can hardly be conceived. "Will the holy mother receive you without 10 an appanage?" he said, in a voice of scorn.

"If she doth her convent, in the first instance, so much wrong," said the Lady Isabelle, "I trust there is charity enough among the noble friends of my house to make up some support for the orphan of Croye." 15

"It is false!" said the Duke; "it is a base pretext to cover some secret and unworthy passion. My Lord of Orleans, she shall be yours, if I drag her to the altar with my own hands!"

The Countess of Crèvecœur, a high-spirited woman, 20 and confident in her husband's merits and his favour with the Duke, could keep silent no longer. "My lord," she said, "your passions transport you into language utterly unworthy. The hand of no gentlewoman can be disposed of by force." 25

"Neither can my cousin of Orleans," said Dunois, "with honour accept a proposal to which the lady has thus publicly stated her objections."

"If I were permitted," said Orleans, on whose facile mind Isabelle's beauty had made a deep impression, 30 "some time to endeavour to place my pretensions before the countess in a more favourable light——"

"My lord," said Isabelle, whose firmness was now fully supported by the encouragement which she received

from all around, "it were to no purpose: my mind is made up to decline this alliance, though far above my deserts."

"Nor have I time," said the Duke, "to wait till these
5 whimsies are changed with the next change of the moon. Monseigneur d'Orleans, she shall learn within this hour that obedience becomes matter of necessity."

"Not in my behalf, sire," answered the prince, who felt that he could not, with any show of honour, avail
10 himself of the Duke's obstinate disposition; "to have been once openly and positively refused is enough for a son of France. He cannot prosecute his addresses farther."

The Duke darted one furious glance at Orleans, another at Louis; and reading in the countenance of the latter, in
15 spite of his utmost efforts to suppress his feelings, a look of secret triumph, he became outrageous.

"Write," he said to the secretary, "our doom of forfeiture and imprisonment against this disobedient and insolent minion. She shall to the *zuchthaus*, to the
20 penitentiary, to herd with those whose lives have rendered them her rivals in effrontery!"

There was a general murmur.

"My lord Duke," said the Count of Crèvecœur, taking the word for the rest, "this must be better thought on.
25 We, your faithful vassals, cannot suffer such a dishonour to the nobility and chivalry of Burgundy. If the countess hath done amiss, let her be punished, but in the manner that becomes her rank and ours, who stand connected with her house by blood and alliance."

30 The Duke paused a moment, and looked full at his counsellor with the stare of a bull which, when compelled by the neatherd from the road which he wishes to go, deliberates with himself whether to obey or to rush on his driver and toss him into the air.

Prudence, however, prevailed over fury; he saw the sentiment was general in his council, was afraid of the advantages which Louis might derive from seeing dissension among his vassals; and probably, for he was rather of a coarse and violent than of a malignant temper, 5 felt ashamed of his own dishonourable proposal.

"You are right," he said, "Crèveceur, and I spoke hastily. Her fate shall be determined according to the rules of chivalry. Her flight to Liege hath given the signal for the bishop's murder. He that best avenges 10 that deed, and brings us the head of the Wild Boar of Ardennes, shall claim her hand of us; and if she denies his right, we can at least grant him her fiefs, leaving it to his generosity to allow her what means he will to retire into a convent."

15

Isabelle's remonstrances were drowned in a general and jubilant assent, above which was heard the voice of old Lord Crawford, regretting the weight of years that prevented his striking for so fair a prize. The Duke was gratified by the general applause, and his temper began 20 to flow more smoothly, like that of a swollen river when it hath subsided within its natural boundaries.

CHAPTER. XXII

UPON a beautiful day in the latter end of harvest, the King mounted his horse; and indifferent that he was looked upon rather as a part of the pageant of a victor 25 than in the light of an independent sovereign surrounded

by his guards and his chivalry, King Louis sallied from under the Gothic gateway of Péronne to join the Burgundian army, which commenced at the same time its march against Liege.

5 Most of the ladies of distinction who were in the place attended, dressed in their best array, upon the battlements and defences of the gate, to see the gallant show of the warriors setting forth on the expedition. Thither had the Countess Crèvecœur brought the Countess
10 Isabelle. The latter attended very reluctantly; but the peremptory order of Charles had been, that she who was to bestow the palm in the tourney, should be visible to the knights who were about to enter the lists.

As they thronged out from under the arch, many a
15 pennon and shield was to be seen, graced with fresh devices, expressive of the bearer's devoted resolution to become a competitor for a prize so fair. The Archer Guard, selected almost at will from the flower of the Scottish nation, drew general applause, from the gallantry
20 and splendour of their appearance.

And there was one among these strangers who ventured on a demonstration of acquaintance with the Lady Isabelle which had not been attempted even by the most noble of the French nobility. It was Quentin Durward, who, as
25 he passed the ladies in his rank, presented to the Countess of Croye, on the point of his lance, the letter of her aunt.

"Now, by my honour," said the Count of Crèvecœur, "that is over-insolent in an unworthy adventurer!"

30 "Do not call him so, Crèvecœur," said Dunois; "I have good reason to bear testimony to his gallantry, and in behalf of that lady, too."

"You make words of nothing," said Isabelle, blushing with shame, and partly with resentment; "it is a letter

from my unfortunate aunt: she writes cheerfully, though her situation must be dreadful."

"Let us hear—let us hear what says the Boar's bride," said Crèveœur.

The Countess Isabelle read the letter, in which her aunt seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and to console herself for the haste and indecorum of her nuptials by the happiness of being wedded to one of the bravest men of the age, who had just acquired a principedom by his valour. She implored her niece not to judge of her William, as she called him, by the report of others, but to wait till she knew him personally.

But while Isabelle read her aunt's epistle to her friends, it must be observed that she did not think it necessary to recite a certain *postscript*, in which the Countess Hameline, lady-like, gave an account of her occupations, and informed her niece that her William had determined, for purposes of policy, in the first action to have others dressed in his coat-armour, and himself to assume the arms of Orleans, with a bar sinister—in other words, those of Dunois. There was also a slip of paper in another hand, the contents of which the countess did not think it necessary to mention, being simply these words: "If you hear not of me soon, and that by the trumpet of Fame, conclude me dead, but not unworthy." 25

A thought, hitherto repelled as wildly incredible, now glanced with double keenness through Isabelle's soul. As female wit seldom fails in the contrivance of means, she so ordered it, that ere the troops were fully on march, Quentin Durward received from an unknown hand the billet of Lady Hameline, marked with three crosses opposite to the postscript, and having these words subjoined: "He who feared not the arms of Orleans when on the breast of their gallant owner cannot dread them when

displayed on that of a tyrant and murderer." A thousand thousand times was this intimation kissed and pressed to the bosom of the young Scot! for it marshalled him on the path where both honour and love held out the reward, and possessed him with a secret unknown to others, by which to distinguish him whose death could alone give life to his hopes, and which he prudently resolved to lock up in his own bosom.

At length, without experiencing any serious opposition, the army arrived in the rich valley of the Maes, and before the large and populous city of Liege. The Castle of Schonwaldt they found had been totally destroyed, and learned that William de la Marck, whose only talents were of a military cast, had withdrawn his whole forces into the city, and was determined to avoid the encounter of the chivalry of France and Burgundy in the open field.

By dint of great exertion, a small *lusthaus*, or country villa, outside the city wall, of some wealthy citizen of Liege was secured and cleared of other occupants for the accommodation of the Duke and his immediate attendants.

A little to the left of this villa, and betwixt it and the suburb, which was opposite to the city gate, and occupied by the Burgundian vanguard, lay another pleasure-house, surrounded by a garden and courtyard, and having two or three small inclosures or fields in the rear of it. In this the King of France established his own headquarters.

Dunois and Crawford, assisted by several old officers and soldiers, amongst whom Le Balafré was conspicuous for his diligence, contrived, by breaking down walls, making openings through hedges, filling up ditches, and the like, to facilitate the communication of the troops with each other, and the orderly combination of the whole in case of necessity.

Meanwhile, the King judged it proper to go without

farther ceremony to the quarters of the Duke of Burgundy, to ascertain what was to be the order of proceeding and what co-operation was expected from him. His presence occasioned a sort of council of war to be held, of which Charles might not otherwise have dreamed. 5

It was then that Quentin Durward prayed earnestly to be admitted, as having something of importance to deliver to the two princes. This was obtained without much difficulty, and great was the astonishment of Louis when he heard him calmly and distinctly relate the purpose of William de la Marck to make a sally upon the camp of the besiegers under the dress and banners of the French. Louis would probably have been much better pleased to have had such important news communicated in private; but as the whole story had been publicly told in presence of the Duke of Burgundy, he only observed, "that, whether true or false, such a report concerned them most materially." 15

"Not a whit—not a whit!" said the Duke, carelessly. "Had there been such a purpose as this young man announces, it had not been communicated to me by an archer of the Scottish Guard."

"However that may be," answered Louis, "I pray you, fair cousin, you and your captains, to attend, that to prevent the displeasing consequences of such an attack, should it be made unexpectedly, I will cause my soldiers to wear white scarfs over their armour." 25

CHAPTER XXIII

A DEAD silence soon reigned over that great host which lay in leaguer before Liege. For a long time the cries of the soldiers repeating their signals, and seeking to join their several banners, sounded like the howling of bewildered dogs seeking their masters. But at length, overcome with weariness by the fatigues of the day, the dispersed soldiers crowded under such shelter as they could meet with, and those who could find none sunk down through very fatigue under walls, hedges, and such temporary protection, there to wait for morning—a morning which some of them were never to behold. A dead sleep fell on almost all, excepting those who kept a faint and weary watch by the lodgings of the King and the Duke.

Posted, by the King's express order, on the extreme point between the French quarters and the town, a good way to the right of the suburb, Durward sharpened his eye to penetrate the mass which lay before him, and excited his ears to catch the slightest sound which might announce any commotion in the beleaguered city. But its huge clocks had successively knelled three hours after midnight, and all continued still and silent as the grave.

At length, and just when Quentin began to think the attack would be deferred till daybreak, and joyfully recollected that there would be then light enough to descry the bar sinister across the fleur-de-lys of Orleans, he thought he heard in the city a humming murmur, like that of disturbed bees mustering for the defence of their hives.

When the noise rose louder, and seemed pouring at

the same time towards his own post, and towards the suburb, he deemed it his duty to fall back as silently as possible, and call his uncle, who commanded the small body of archers destined to his support. All were on their feet in a moment, and with as little noise as possible. In less than a second, Lord Crawford was at their head, and, despatching an archer to alarm the King and his household, drew back his little party to some distance behind their watch-fire, that they might not be seen by its light. 5

"I will creep forward, my lord," said Quentin, "and endeavour to bring you information." 10

"Do so, my bonny chield; thou hast sharp ears and eyes, and goodwill; but take heed, I would not lose thee for two and a plack." 15

Quentin, with his harquebuss ready prepared, stole forward, through ground which he had reconnoitred carefully in the twilight of the preceding evening, until he was not only certain that he was in the neighbourhood of a very large body of men, but also that there was a detached party of smaller number in advance, and very close to him. They seemed to whisper together, as if uncertain what to do next. At last, the steps of two or three *enfants perdus*, detached from that smaller party, approached him so near as twice a pike's length. Seeing it impossible to retreat undiscovered, Quentin called out aloud, "*Qui vive?*" and was answered by "*Vive Li—Li—ege—c'est à dire,*" added he who spoke, correcting himself, "*Vive la France!*" Quentin instantly fired his harquebuss; a man groaned and fell, and he himself hastened back to the main guard. 25 30

"Admirably done, my brave boy!" said Crawford. "Now, callants, draw in within the courtyard; they are too many to mell with in the open field."

They drew within the courtyard and garden accordingly, where they found all in great order, and the King prepared to mount his horse.

"Whither away, sire?" said Crawford; "you are
5 safest here with your own people."

"Not so," said Louis; "I must instantly to the Duke. He must be convinced of our good faith at this critical moment, or we shall have both Liegeois and Burgundians upon us at once." And springing on his horse, he bade
10 Dunois command the French troops without the house, and Crawford the Archer Guard and other household troops to defend the *lusthaus* and its inclosures.

Durward, who, by the King's order, attended him to the Duke's, found the latter in a state of choleric dis-
15 temperature, which almost prevented his discharging the duties of a general.

The arrival of the King, attended only by Le Balafre and Quentin, and half a score of archers, restored confidence between France and Burgundy. D'Hymbercourt,
20 Crèveceur, and others of the Burgundian leaders, whose names were then the praise and dread of war, rushed devotedly into the conflict; and, while some commanders hastened to bring up more distant troops, to whom the panic had not extended, others threw themselves into the
25 tumult, reanimated the instinct of discipline, and while the Duke toiled in the front, shouting, hacking, and hewing, like an ordinary man-at-arms, brought their men by degrees into array, and dismayed the assailants by the use of their artillery. The conduct of Louis, on the other
30 hand, was that of a calm, collected, sagacious leader, who neither sought nor avoided danger, but showed so much self-possession and sagacity that the Burgundian leaders readily obeyed the orders which he issued.

The scene was now become in the utmost degree

animated and horrible. On the left the suburb, after a fierce contest, had been set on fire, and a wide and dreadful conflagration did not prevent the burning ruins from being still disputed. On the centre, the French troops, though pressed by immense odds, kept up so close and constant a fire that the little pleasure-house shone bright with the glancing flashes, as if surrounded with a martyr's crown of flames. On the left, the battle swayed backwards and forwards with varied success, as fresh reinforcements poured out of the town, or were brought forward from the rear of the Burgundian host; and the strife continued with unremitting fury for three mortal hours, which at length brought the dawn, so much desired by the besiegers. The enemy, at this period, seemed to be slackening their efforts upon the right and in the centre, and several discharges of cannon were heard from the *lusthaus*.

"Go," said the King, to Le Balafre and Quentin, the instant his ear had caught the sound; "they have got up the sakers and falconets; the pleasure-house is safe, blessed be the Holy Virgin! Tell Dunois to move this way, but rather nearer the walls of Liege, with all our men-at-arms, excepting what he may leave for the defence of the house, and cut in between those thick-headed Liegeois on the right and the city, from which they are supplied with recruits."

The uncle and nephew galloped off to Dunois and Crawford, who, tired of their defensive war, joyfully obeyed the summons.

"By Heaven!" said old Crawford to Dunois, "were I not certain it is *thou* that art riding by my side, I would say I saw thee among yonder banditti and burghers, marshalling and arraying them with thy mace—only, if yon be thou, thou art bigger than thou art wont to be.

Art thou sure yonder armed leader is not thy wraith, thy double-man, as these Flemings call it?"

"My wraith!" said Dunois; "I know not what you mean. But yonder is a caitiff with my bearings displayed
5 on crest and shield, whom I will presently punish for his insolence."

"In the name of all that is noble, my lord, leave the vengeance to me!" said Quentin.

"To *thee* indeed, young man!" said Dunois; "that is
10 a modest request. No—these things brook no substitution." Then turning on his saddle, he called out to those around him, "Gentlemen of France, form your line, level your lances! Let the rising sunbeams shine through the battalions of yonder swine of Liege and hogs of Ardennes,
15 that masquerade in our ancient coats!"

The men-at-arms answered with a loud shout of "A Dunois—a Dunois! Orleans to the rescue!" And, with their leader in the centre, they charged at full gallop.

20 Their spears were soon broken; but the lanzknechts were unable to withstand the blows of their long heavy swords; while the horses and riders, armed in complete steel, sustained little injury from their lances. Still Dunois and Durward were contending with rival efforts
25 to burst forward to the spot where he who had usurped the armorial bearings of Dunois was doing the duty of a good and valiant leader, when Dunois, observing the boar's head and tusks, the usual bearing of William de la Marck, in another part of the conflict, called out to Quentin,
30 "Thou art worthy to avenge the arms of Orleans! I leave thee the task. Balafré, support your nephew; but let none dare to interfere with Dunois's boar-hunt."

That Quentin Durward joyfully acquiesced in this division of labour cannot be doubted, and each pressed

forward upon his separate object, followed, and defended from behind, by such men-at-arms as were able to keep up with them.

At this moment the column which De la Marck had proposed to support, when his own course was arrested by the charge of Dunois, had lost all the advantages they had gained during the night; while the Burgundians, with returning day, had begun to show the qualities which belong to superior discipline. The great mass of Liegeois were compelled to retreat, and at length to fly; and, falling back on those who were engaged with the French men-at-arms, the whole became a confused tide of fighters, fliers, and pursuers, which rolled itself towards the city walls, and at last was poured into the ample and undefended breach through which the Liegeois had sallied.

On the very brink of the breach De la Marck—for it was himself—succeeded in effecting a momentary stand, and repelling some of the most forward of the pursuers. He had a mace of iron in his hand, before which everything seemed to go down, and was so much covered with blood that it was almost impossible to discern those bearings on his shield which had so much incensed Dunois.

Quentin now found little difficulty in singling him out; for the commanding situation of which he had possessed himself, and the use he made of his terrible mace, caused many of the assailants to seek safer points of attack than that where so desperate a defender presented himself. But Quentin, to whom the importance attached to victory over this formidable antagonist was better known, sprung from his horse at the bottom of the breach, and letting the noble animal, the gift of the Duke of Orleans, run loose through the tumult, ascended the ruins to measure swords with the Boar of Ardennes. The latter, as if he had seen

his intention, turned towards Durward with mace uplifted; and they were on the point of encounter when a dreadful shout of triumph, of tumult, and of despair announced that the besiegers were entering the city at another point, and in the rear of those who defended the breach. Assembling around him, by voice and bugle, the desperate partners of his desperate fortune, De la Marck, at those appalling sounds, abandoned the breach, and endeavoured to effect his retreat towards a part of the city from which he might escape to the other side of the Maes.

It was just when De la Marck, retiring through this infernal scene, had passed the door of a small chapel of peculiar sanctity, that the shouts of "France—France! Burgundy—Burgundy!" apprized him that a part of the besiegers were entering the farther end of the street, which was a narrow one, and that his retreat was cut off. "Conrade," he said, "take all the men with you. Charge yonder fellows roundly, and break through if you can; with me it is over. I am man enough, now that I am brought to bay, to send some of these vagabond Scots to hell before me!"

His lieutenant obeyed, and, with most of the few lanzknechts who remained alive, hurried to the farther end of the street, for the purpose of charging those Burgundians who were advancing, and so forcing their way so as to escape. About six of De la Marck's best men remained to perish with their master, and fronted the archers, who were not many more in number. "Hola! gentlemen of Scotland," said the ruffian but undaunted chief, waving his mace, "who longs to gain a coronet—who strikes at the Boar of Ardennes? You, young man, have, methinks, a hankering; but you must win ere you wear it!"

Quentin heard but imperfectly the words, which were partly lost in the hollow helmet; but the action could not

be mistaken, and he had but time to bid his uncle and comrades, as they were gentlemen, to stand back, when De la Marck sprung upon him with a bound like a tiger, aiming at the same time a blow with his mace; but light of foot and quick of eye, Quentin leaped aside, and dis- 5 appointed an aim which would have been fatal had it taken effect.

They then closed, like the wolf and the wolf-dog, their comrades on either side remaining inactive spectators, for Le Balafre roared out for fair play, adding "that he would 10 venture his nephew on him, were he as wight as Wallace."

Neither was the experienced soldier's confidence unjustified; for, although the blows of the despairing robber fell like those of the hammer on the anvil, yet the quick motions and dexterous swordsmanship of the 15 young archer enabled him to escape, and to requite them with the point of his less noisy though more fatal weapon; and that so often and so effectually, that the huge strength of his antagonist began to give way to fatigue, while the ground on which he stood became a puddle of blood. 20 Yet, still unabated in courage and ire, the Wild Boar of Ardennes fought on with as much mental energy as at first, and Quentin's victory seemed dubious and distant, when a female voice behind him called him by his name, ejaculating, "Help—help! for the sake of the blessed 25 Virgin!"

He turned his head, and with a single glance beheld Gertrude Pavillon, her mantle stripped from her shoulders, dragged forcibly along by a French soldier, one of several, who, breaking into the chapel close by, had seized, as their 30 prey, on the terrified females who had taken refuge there.

"Wait for me but one moment!" exclaimed Quentin to De la Marck, and sprung to extricate his benefactress from a situation of which he conjectured all the dangers.

"I wait no man's pleasure," said De la Marck, flourishing his mace, and beginning to retreat, glad, no doubt, of being free of so formidable an assailant.

"You shall wait mine, though, by your leave!" said
5 Balafre; "I will not have my nephew baulked." So saying, he instantly assaulted De la Marck with his two-handed sword.

Quentin found, in the meanwhile, that the rescue of Gertrude was a task more difficult than could be finished
10 in one moment. When he stood at length in the street with the liberated Gertrude, there was no one near them. Totally forgetting the defenceless situation of his companion, he was about to spring away in pursuit of the Boar of Ardennes, as the greyhound tracks the deer, when,
15 clinging to him in her despair, she exclaimed, "For the sake of your mother's honour, leave me not here! As you are a gentleman, protect me to my father's house, which once sheltered you and Lady Isabelle! For her sake leave me not!"

20 Her call was agonising, but it was irresistible; and Quentin, like an unwilling spirit who obeys a talisman which he cannot resist, protected Gertrude to Pavillon's house, and arrived in time to defend that and the syndie himself against the fury of the licentious soldiery.

25 Meantime the King and the Duke of Burgundy entered the city on horseback, and through one of the breaches. They were both in complete armour, but the latter, covered with blood from the plume to the spur, drove his steed furiously up the breach, which Louis surmounted with the
30 stately pace of one who leads a procession. They despatched orders to stop the sack of the city, which had already commenced, and to assemble their scattered troops.

Busied like other officers of his rank in collecting those under his command, Lord Crawford, at the turning of one

of the streets which leads to the Maes, met Le Balafré sauntering composedly towards the river, holding in his hand, by the gory locks, a human head, with as much indifference as a fowler carries a game-pouch.

"How now, Ludovic!" said his commander; "what 5 are ye doing with that carrion?"

"It is all that is left of a bit of work which my nephew shaped out and nearly finished, and I put the last hand to," said Le Balafré—"a good fellow that I despatched yonder, and who prayed me to throw his head into the 10 Maes."

"And you are going to throw that head into the Maes?" said Crawford, looking more attentively on the ghastly memorial of mortality.

"Ay, truly am I," said Ludovic Lesly. "If you 15 refuse a dying man his boon, you are likely to be haunted by his ghost, and I love to sleep sound at nights."

"You must take your chance of the ghaist, man," said Crawford; "for, by my soul, there is more lies on that dead pow than you think for. Come along with me—not 20 a word more—come along with me!"

"Nay, for that matter," said Le Balafré, "I made him no promise; for, in truth, I had off his head before the tongue had well done wagging; and as I feared him not living, by St. Martin of Tours, I fear him as little when 25 he is dead."

When high mass had been said in the cathedral church of Liege, and the terrified town was restored to some moderate degree of order, Louis and Charles, with their peers around, proceeded to hear the claims of those 30 who had any to make for services performed during the battle. Those which respected the county of Croye and its fair mistress were first received, and, to the disappointment of sundry claimants who had thought themselves

sure of the rich prize, there seemed doubt and mystery to involve their several pretensions. Crèveœur showed a boar's hide such as De la Marck usually wore; Dunois produced a cloven shield, with his armorial bearings; and
5 there were others who claimed the merit of having despatched the murderer of the bishop, producing similar tokens—the rich reward fixed on De la Marck's head having brought death to all who were armed in his resemblance.

10 There was much noise and contest among the competitors, and Charles, internally regretting the rash promise which had placed the hand and wealth of his fair vassal on such a hazard, was in hopes he might find means of evading all these conflicting claims, when Crawford
15 pressed forward into the circle, dragging Le Balafré after him, who, awkward and bashful, followed like an unwilling mastiff towed on in a leash, as his leader exclaimed,—
“Away with your hoofs and hides, and painted iron! No one, save he who slew the Boar, can show the tusks!”

20 So saying, he flung on the floor the bloody head, easily known as that of De la Marck by the singular conformation of the jaws, which in reality had a certain resemblance to those of the animal whose name he bore, and which was instantly recognised by all who had seen him.

25 “Crawford,” said Louis, while Charles sat silent, in gloomy and displeased surprise, “I trust it is one of my faithful Scots who has won this prize?”

“It is Ludovic Lesly, sire, whom we call Le Balafré,” replied the old soldier.

30 “But is he noble,” said the Duke—“is he of gentle blood? Otherwise our promise is void.”

“I will warrant him a branch of the tree of Rothés,” said Crawford, “and they have been as noble as any house in France or Burgundy.”

"There is then no help for it," said the Duke, "and the fairest and richest heiress in Burgundy must be the wife of a rude mercenary soldier like this, or die secluded in a convent—I have been too rash!"

"Hold but an instant," said the Lord Crawford, "it may be better than your Grace conjectures. Hear but what this cavalier has to say. Speak out, man, and a murrain to thee!" he added, apart to Le Balafre.

But that blunt soldier, though he could make a shift to express himself intelligibly enough to King Louis, to whose familiarity he was habituated, yet found himself incapable of enunciating his resolution before so splendid an assembly.

"May it please your Majesty and your Grace," said Crawford, "I must speak for my countryman and old comrade. You shall understand that he has had it prophesied to him by a seer in his own land, that the fortune of his house is to be made by marriage; but as he is, like myself, something the worse for wear, he hath acted by my advice, and resigns the pretensions acquired by the fate of slaying William de la Marek to him by whom the Wild Boar was actually brought to bay, who is his maternal nephew."

"But," interrupted Crèveœur, "though the uncle be a Scottish *gentillâtre*, that makes not the nephew necessarily so."

"He is of the house of Durward," said Crawford; "descended from that Allan Durward who was High Steward of Scotland."

"Nay, if it be young Durward," said Crèveœur, "I say no more. Fortune has declared herself on his side too plainly for me to struggle farther with her humoursome ladyship: but it is strange, from lord to horseboy, how wonderfully these Scots stick by each other."

"Highlanders, shoulder to shoulder!" answered Lord Crawford, laughing at the mortification of the proud Burgundian.

"We have yet to inquire," said Charles, thoughtfully,
5 "what the fair lady's sentiments may be towards this fortunate adventurer."

"By the mass!" said Crèveœur, "I have but too much reason to believe your Grace will find her more amenable to authority than on former occasions. But
10 why should I grudge this youth his preferment, since, after all, it is sense, firmness, and gallantry which have put him in possession of WEALTH, RANK, and BEAUTY?"

NOTES

CHAPTER I

Page 1, l. 5. **Cher**, a tributary of the Loire.

Page 1, l. 6. **Plessis-lès-Tours**, a village near Tours; *les*, from Latin *latus*, means near (see map).

Page 1, l. 18. **Flemish**, pertaining to Flanders, an ancient country of Europe, the coast of which extended from the Strait of Dover to the mouth of the Scheldt (see map).

Page 1, l. 19. **bonnet**, a kind of close-fitting cap, formerly much worn in Scotland.

Page 2, l. 5. **Bohemian**, a gipsy, so called because the first of that wandering race that entered France were believed to come from Bohemia.

Page 2, l. 9. **break a proverb**, falsify a proverb. The proverb is, "A man born to be hanged will never be drowned."

Page 2, l. 19. **buskins**, boots strapped or laced to the ankle and the lower part of the leg.

Page 2, l. 21. **Mortdieu**, a French oath = God's death.

Page 3, l. 6. **dialect**, language or mode of speaking.

Page 3, l. 16. **burgesses**, townsmen, citizens.

Page 3, l. 21. **gossip**, friend or talkative companion. The word really means a sponsor at baptism.

Page 3, l. 30. **cadet**, younger son of a gentleman's family.

Page 3, l. 34. **Pasques-dieu**, an oath often used by Louis XI. *Pasque* is an old form of *pâque*, Easter.

Page 3, l. 34. **Fier comme un Écossois** (Fr.), proud as a Scotsman.

Page 4, l. 5. **sack**, a kind of wine.

Page 4, l. 6. **tête-bleu**, God's head, an oath.

Page 4, l. 7. **hawking**. In the sport of hawking, hawks and falcons were trained to catch other birds. The hawk perched on the wrist of the hunter, which was protected by a glove or gauntlet.

Page 4, l. 8. **chase**, a place reserved for hunting.

Page 4, l. 13. **Péronne**, a Burgundian town on the Somme, in the province of Picardy (see map).

Page 4, l. 13. **schelm** (Ger.), knave, scoundrel.

Page 4, l. 31. **varlet**, fellow, rascal.

Page 5, l. 3. **descents**, generations.

CHAPTER II

Page 6, l. 8. **battlemented**, surrounded by battlements or walls rising above the roof with openings at regular intervals.

Page 6, l. 9. **turretted**, supplied with turrets or small towers placed at intervals along the top of the walls.

Page 6, l. 24. **portcullis**, a sliding spiked grating or gate, which was let down over the gateway of a castle.

Page 6, l. 25. **drawbridge**, the bridge over the moat or wide ditch of water surrounding a castle. It could be raised or lowered.

Page 8, l. 11. **braes**, the slopes of hills.

Page 8, l. 12. **brogue**, a kind of rough shoe.

Page 8, l. 31. **nom-de-guerre** (Fr.), a soldier's assumed name.

Page 8, l. 33. **Le Balafre**, the scarred one, or the man with a scar.

Page 9, l. 23. **covin-tree**, a tree at the entrance of a Scotch castle where guests were met.

Page 10, l. 3. **pilleur**, robber, plunderer.

Page 11, l. 3. **complaisant**, obliging, disposed to please.

CHAPTER III

Page 12, l. 1. **cavalier**, an armed horseman, a knight.

Page 12, l. 7. **Charles the Sixth**, grandfather of Louis XI.

Page 12, l. 11. **mercenary troops**, soldiers paid for their services, and serving in any country that pays well.

Page 13, l. 4. **gorget**, armour worn over the throat.

Page 13, l. 21. **landes**, flat, sandy plains in the south-west of France, to traverse which the peasants use stilts.

Page 14, l. 4. **Saint Andrew**, patron saint of Scotland.

Page 14, l. 11. **Aberbrothick**, Arbroath, in Forfarshire.

Page 14, l. 19. **cloister**, a monastery or convent—properly the arched way running round the walls of a monastery.

Page 15, l. 25. **St. Martin**, a bishop of Tours who died in 1400.

Page 16, l. 6. **snap-haunches**, contrivances to snap a man's haunch and cut off a limb.

CHAPTER IV

Page 17, l. 12. **harquebuss**, an old form of gun.

Page 17, l. 29. **fleur-de-lys**, flower of lily, three lilies forming part of the armorial bearings of the French king, and used as a national emblem.

Page 18, l. 17. **Provost-marshal**, an officer whose duty is to preserve order and bring offenders to punishment.

- Page 18, l. 19. **pirn**, a reel or bobbin or the thread wound upon it; "ill-winded pirns" = difficulties, tangles.
 Page 18, l. 24. **bairn**, Scotch for child.
 Page 18, l. 24. **skaith**, hurt.

CHAPTER V

- Page 20, l. 11. **minutiæ**, small details.
 Page 20, l. 12. **punctilious**, very precise.
 Page 21, l. 17. **cope**, a large mantle worn by bishops and priests.
 Page 21, l. 26. **peremptory**, positive, not admitting of question or debate.
 Page 22, l. 3. **jerkin**, a close-fitting jacket.
 Page 22, l. 3. **hose**, a garment which, in the Middle Ages, covered a person from the waist to the toes.
 Page 22, l. 3. **cassock**, a gown.
 Page 22, l. 6. **menial**, belonging to a servant. Oliver le Dain was the king's barber.
 Page 22, l. 18. **mauvais**, bad.
 Page 22, l. 18. **le Diable**, the devil.
 Page 23, l. 6. **vin de Beaulne**, wine from Beaune.
 Page 24, l. 3. **St. Hubert**, the patron saint of hunting.
 Page 24, l. 12. **Amboise**, a small town fourteen miles east of Tours.
 Page 24, l. 19. **gauntlet**, a mailed glove.
 Page 24, l. 28. **Oriflamme**, an ancient royal standard of France; it consisted of an oblong banner split into several points and borne on a gilt staff.
 Page 24, l. 28. **Denis Montjoye**, an old French war-cry. Mont Joye was a hill outside Paris, on which St. Denis suffered martyrdom.
 Page 25, l. 10. **ever-open gate of Calais**. Calais was in the possession of the English from 1347 to 1558.

CHAPTER VI

- Page 25, l. 26. **precedence**, position due to rank.
 Page 26, l. 7. **Arabesque**, in Arabian style.
 Page 26, l. 8. **Golden Fleece**, a society of knights.
 Page 26, l. 9. **chivalry**, knighthood; conduct becoming a knight.
 Page 26, l. 16. **letters of credence**, papers showing that he was the person authorised to represent the person he claimed to represent, viz. the Duke of Burgundy.
 Page 26, l. 19. **panoply**, suit of armour.
 Page 27, l. 12. **predicaments**, clauses or descriptions.
 Page 27, l. 15. **countenance**, support, approval.
 Page 27, l. 28. **Ghent, Liege, and Malines**, towns under the rule of the Duke of Burgundy (see map).

- Page 27, l. 32. **condign**, merited or well deserved.
 Page 27, l. 34. **machinations**, plots.
 Page 28, l. 22. **feudal tenure**, referring to the manner on which property was held (see Introduction).
 Page 29, l. 33. **shriff**, confession.
 Page 30, l. 4. **Egyptians**, gipsies.
 Page 30, l. 14. **Louis of Valois**. Valois was the name of the royal family to which Louis belonged.
 Page 30, l. 34. **gage**, a glove or gauntlet thrown down as a challenge to combat.
 Page 31, l. 7. **Toison d'Or** (Fr.), fleece of gold, the name of the herald or official messenger of the Duke of Burgundy. In the Middle Ages the herald was an important officer employed to carry the formal message of a sovereign or other person of authority. His costume bore the armorial bearings of his chief, and his person was considered sacred. Heralds were specially trained, and had not only to carry messages, but had to arrange people in the order of their precedence at ceremonies. It was an offence and a crime to assume the position of a herald without due authority.
 Page 31, l. 8. **Vive Bourgogne**. Long live Burgundy.
 Page 31, l. 19. **warranted**, protected, safeguarded.
 Page 31, l. 20. **cast of a die**. A die is a small cube marked on its faces with spots numbering from 1 to 6, used in gaming by being cast or thrown down, the chance being decided by the number of spots turned up.
 Page 31, l. 28. **Dauphin**, the title of the eldest son of the King of France.
 Page 31, l. 28. **exile from France**. King Louis, having offended his father in youth, fled to the court of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, father of Charles the Bold.

CHAPTER VII

- Page 32, l. 13. **venerie**, hunting, the sports of the chase.
 Page 33, l. 20. **cuirass**, properly a piece of defensive armour covering the upper part of the trunk in front and behind; hence any protective body covering.
 Page 33, l. 29. **imminent**, threatening, hanging over one's head.
 Page 34, l. 7. **orisons**, prayers.
 Page 34, l. 33. **braggart**, boasting.

CHAPTER VIII

- Page 36, l. 6. **Gauntois and Liegeois**, people of Gaunt and Liege.
 Page 36, l. 15. **halidome**, sacred honour, holiness.
 Page 36, l. 20. **excommunicated**, cut off from the Church.

- Page 36, l. 24. **outlaw**, one outside the protection of the law.
 Page 36, l. 25. **ban**, a proclamation; here a sentence of outlawry.
 Page 36, l. 25. **Empire**, the Holy Roman Empire of the German nations. Its Imperial Council usually met at Ratisbon, in Bavaria.
 Page 39, l. 5. **St. Julian** was the patron saint of travellers.
 Page 39, l. 11. **guerdon**, reward.
 Page 40, l. 1. **horoscope**. To take a horoscope is to calculate the part of the ecliptic (a certain great circle of the sky) which was on the eastern horizon at the time of a person's birth, with a view of considering the influence of the stars upon his destiny. This was done by the old astronomers, who were called *astrologers*. These astrologers believed that the heavenly bodies, especially the planets, exerted an influence upon human life and destiny, and that according to the position of the stars and planets at a certain moment, *e.g.* at a person's birth, the future could be foretold. Thus one's temperament was ascribed to the planet under which he was born, as *jovial* from *Jupiter*, *saturnine* from *Saturn*, *mercurial* from *Mercury*, etc. Much attention was formerly given to *astrology*, the false science of certain old astronomers.
- Page 40, l. 12. **privy**, admitted to the knowledge.

CHAPTER IX

- Page 41, l. 11. **maitre d'hotel**, steward, responsible servant in a family of rank.
- Page 41, l. 13. **holy city of Cologne**. Cologne on the Rhine was regarded as a holy city because the bones of the Three Wise Men who came from the East to worship the infant Jesus at Bethlehem were said to be buried there. These *Magi* or wise men are spoken of as Eastern Monarchs, or the Three Kings of Cologne.
- Page 41, l. 20. **astral**, belonging to the stars, which the astrologers regarded as intelligent beings.
- Page 41, l. 26. **astrologer** (see note to line 1, p. 40, Chap. viii.).
- Page 41, l. 28. **ascetic**, self-denying, strict in religious exercises.
- Page 41, l. 30. **macerate**, make thin or lean.
- Page 41, l. 31. **outwatch the polar bear**, to watch till day-break.
- Page 42, l. 13. **the art of printing**. Printing from movable types was invented about the year 1440, and hence printed books would be great novelties at this time. It was introduced into England by Caxton in 1476.
- Page 42, l. 24. **augury**, power of foretelling events by significant signs or omens.
- Page 42, l. 32. **palmistry**, the art or practice of telling fortunes after observing the lines on the palm of the hand; called also *chiro-mancy*, from the Greek word *cheir*, the hand.
- Page 43, l. 11. **physiognomy**, face, appearance.
- Page 43, l. 20. **linea vitæ**, the line of life (on the hand).

Page 44, l. 18. **Ephemerides**. An ephemeris (plural, ephemerides) is a collection of tables giving the position of the heavenly bodies, etc.

Page 44, l. 26. **combust**, so near the sun as to be obscured.

Page 45, l. 1. **presaging**, prophetic, indicating the future.

CHAPTER X

Page 45, l. 25. **rendezvous**, place of meeting.

Page 45, l. 26. **sumpter**, used for carrying baggage.

Page 46, l. 1. **palfreys**, horses, especially those used by women.

Page 46, l. 10. **Gascon**, a native of Gascony, a former province in the south-west of France. They were noted as boasters or braggarts.

Page 48, l. 31. **devoir**, duty.

Page 49, l. 34. **visor**, the movable front of a helmet.

Page 51, l. 24. **callant**, a Scotch word equivalent to "young fellow."

CHAPTER XI

Page 53, l. 17. **occult**, secret, magical.

Page 53, l. 24. **Namur**. See map.

Page 53, l. 26. **Franciscan**, belonging to the order of the monks founded by St. Francis.

Page 53, l. 27. **prior**, the official of a convent next in order in rank to an abbot.

Page 54, l. 10. **sacristan**, the officer of a monastery or church who has charge of the sacred vessels and the vestments. *Sexton* is a contracted form of sacristan.

Page 54, l. 20. **precincts**, boundary line, limits.

CHAPTER XII

Page 55, l. 11. **jennet**, a small Spanish horse.

Page 55, l. 14. **gaberline**, a long, loose cloak.

Page 55, l. 21. **Klepper**, a small horse, a nag; used here as a proper name.

Page 56, l. 10. **seen a wolf**, the sight of a wolf was supposed to make a man speechless.

Page 56, l. 32. **Maes**, the Maes, Maas, or Meuse (see map).

Page 57, l. 28. **peremptory**, positive, admitting of no question.

Page 58, l. 8. **échorcheurs** (Fr.), flayers, fleecers.

Page 58, l. 9. **lanzknecchts** (Ger.), soldiers who fight with the lance.

Page 58, l. 25. **Bishop of Liege.** The Bishop was the feudal superior and ruler of Liege and the surrounding district. His territory was nominally a fief of the Empire, but both King Louis and Charles of Burgundy desired to exercise authority over it. Charles was the chief supporter of the Bishop against the rebellious Liegeois.

Page 59, l. 22. **Campo-basso**, an Italian count to whom Charles of Burgundy wished to marry Lady Isabel.

CHAPTER XIII

Page 60, l. 7. **wains**, waggons.

Page 62, l. 15. **incognito**, concealment, remaining unknown by name.

Page 62, l. 22. **sapperment**, a kind of oath from "sacrament."

Page 63, l. 10. **morion**, a kind of helmet.

Page 63, l. 22. **temporise**, delay, dilly-dally.

Page 63, l. 24. **stadt-house**, town hall.

Page 63, l. 31. **ovation**, enthusiastic reception.

Page 64, l. 31. **vivat**, shout of applause, lit. "Long may he live."

Page 65, l. 13. **pleached**, bordered or over-arched by trees.

CHAPTER XIV

Page 66, l. 2. **oratory**, a small chapel set apart for private prayer.

Page 67, l. 25. **yungfrau** (Ger.), maiden, young girl.

Page 68, l. 15. **saus and braus** (Ger.), revel and riot.

Page 68, l. 31. **Burgomaster**, syndic, magistrate, mayor.

Page 69, l. 5. **Meinherr** (Dutch), Sir, Mr.

Page 69, l. 27. **syndic**, an officer of the corporation, a kind of magistrate.

Page 70, l. 6. **Charlemagne.** Charlemagne, or Charles the Great (747-814), was a great king of the Franks (a German tribe), who made himself Emperor of the West, A.D. 800. He came to be regarded as a saint and the national hero of the French.

Page 70, l. 23. **Kürschnerschaft**, the guild of curriers.

CHAPTER XV

Page 71, l. 20. **sacrilege**, desecration, profanation of sacred things.

Page 72, l. 4. **brach**, hound.

Page 73, l. 3. **sacerdotal**, belonging to a priest, priestly.

Page 73, l. 30. **palmer**, pilgrim.

Page 73, l. 32. **Imperial Chamber**, the chamber or council of the Holy Roman Empire.

Page 76, l. 32. **kürschner** (Ger.), furrier, Skinner.

CHAPTER XVI

Page 78, l. 17. **paladin**, a wandering knight, a heroic champion.

Page 81, l. 6. **Court of Cocagne**. Cocagne or Cockayne is an imaginary country, where there is no work, but only luxury and delight.

Page 81, l. 28. **Cistercian convent**, belonging to an order of monks and nuns established in the forest of Cîteaux which takes its name from its original convent at Cîteaux (Cistercian near Dijon in France).

Page 81, l. 28. **Charleroi**. See map.

CHAPTER XVII

Page 82, l. 11. **suzerain**. See introduction.

Page 83, l. 5. **cortège** (Fr.), procession, suite.

Page 83, l. 18. **Péronne**, Burgundian border fort on the Somme (see map).

Page 84, l. 14. **virgin fortress**, a fortress that has never been taken. It was taken later by Wellington's forces in 1815, and again by the Germans in 1871.

CHAPTER XVIII

Page 85, l. 26. **Low Countries**, the Netherlands, the countries now forming Belgium and Holland.

Page 87, l. 18. **Saint-bleu**, a modified oath for Saint Dieu.

Page 87, l. 23. **Teste-dieu** (Fr.), tête-Dieu, God's head.

Page 93, l. 13. **mêlée**, a hand-to-hand fight amongst a number of persons.

Page 98, l. 16. **demeanour**, conduct, bearing.

CHAPTER XIX

Page 95, l. 5. **partizan**, a long-handled cutting weapon.

Page 98, l. 34. **petard**, a kind of mortar or wide-mouthed cannon formerly employed to blow in a door or gate or to form a breach in a wall. The phrase "to be hoist (or sprung) with one's own petard" means to be caught in one's own trap, or to be involved in a danger meant for others.

Page 100, l. 10. **assoil**, pardon.

Page 100, l. 26. **Helen of Troy**, the beautiful Greek princess who is said by Homer to have eloped with Paris to Troy. This led to the Trojan war, in which the Greeks besieged Troy for ten years.

- Page 101, l. 14. **sequesterate**, take away, confiscate.
 Page 101, l. 22. **minion**, saucy woman, minx.
 Page 104, l. 8. **Fier comme un Écossois** (Fr.), proud as a Scot.

CHAPTER XX

- Page 106, l. 8. **ominous**, indicating something coming, usually something evil.
 Page 106, l. 11. **intrigues**, plots, secret schemes.
 Page 106, l. 17. **aides-de-camp**, confidential officers.
 Page 108, l. 17. **brantwein**, brandy.
 Page 108, l. 34. **Aldebaran**, a bright star in the constellation of the bull.
 Page 109, l. 6. **immunities**, special privileges.

CHAPTER XXI

- Page 113, l. 8. **interlude**, an event or incident occurring in the course of the main events.
 Page 114, l. 15. **intractability**, the quality or character of being unmanageable or not amenable to persuasion.
 Page 115, l. 11. **appanage**, an endowment or necessary accompaniment.
 Page 116, l. 19. **zuchthaus** (Ger.), house of correction, penitentiary.
 Page 116, l. 32. **neatherd**, one who herds or has the care of neat, i.e. cattle.

CHAPTER XXII

- Page 119, l. 7. **indecorum**, impropriety of behaviour, violation of the accepted rules of conduct.
 Page 119, l. 20. **bar sinister**, a mark on an escutcheon or coat-of-arms placed diagonally and used as the heraldic sign of illegitimacy.
 Page 120, l. 17. **lusthaus** (Ger.), pleasure-house, villa.

CHAPTER XXIII

- Page 122, l. 20. **beleaguered**, besieged.
 Page 123, l. 15. **two and a plack**, a Scotch expression for something you value. A plack was a Scottish coin worth one-third of an English penny.
 Page 123, l. 17. **reconnoitre**, to look over, to make an inspection.

Page 123, l. 24. **enfants perdus** (Fr.), the forlorn hope, the leading men in a dangerous enterprise (literally, lost children).

Page 123, l. 27. **Qui-vive?** who lives? *i.e.* who is there?

Page 123, l. 27. **Vive Li—Li—ege, &c.**, Long live Liege, &c., that is to say (correcting himself), Long live France.

Page 125, l. 20. **sakers and falconets**, cannon, small pieces of artillery.

Page 126, l. 3. **wraith**, an apparition in the exact likeness of a person, supposed to be seen before his death; a ghost.

Page 126, l. 4. **caitiff**, a mean villain, wretch (lit. slave).

Page 126, l. 4. **bearings**, the heraldic display to which a person is entitled.

Page 126, l. 10. **brook no substitution**, cannot be left to a substitute.

Page 127, l. 19. **mace**, a weapon with a heavy spiked head for striking.

Page 129, l. 11. **wight**, strong and active, valiant.

Page 130, l. 21. **talisman**, a charm, an article possessing magical powers.

Page 131, l. 20. **pow**, head, same word as *poll*.

Page 133, l. 25. **gentillâtre**, a member of the lesser nobility, *i.e.* a member of a good family.

Page 134, l. 9. **amenable**, disposed to yield, submissive.

Page 134, l. 10. **preferment**, promotion, advancement.

THE END